

ANIMALS & MEN



THE JOURNAL OF THE CENTRE FOR FORTEAN ZOOLOGY



Expedition Report: Return to Sumatra

The 'Making of Bigfoot' Controversy, Hexham Heads Revisited,
Linguistics and Cryptozoology, *Weird Weekend* 2004, News, Reviews,
Letters and more.....

Issue 34

£2.50/US\$4.00

Animals & Men is the quarterly journal of the **Centre for Fortean Zoology**; a non-profit making organisation administered by:



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Subscription rates INCLUDE postage. On other orders, postage and packing is extra: please add 25p (£0.30 outside UK) per magazine and 75p (£0.90 outside UK) per book. Payment can be made in UK cash, US cash, Euro-cheque, or a cheque drawn on a UK bank. Britain is one of the few countries in the world where US dollars do **not** circulate. If making payment by cheque in US\$ then please add \$14 to cover the currency exchange fee.



Payment by credit card through our *Paypal* account (Jon@eclipse.co.uk). Please make all cheques payable to Jonathan Downes

The CFZ Trust is registered as a non profit making organisation with HM Stamp Office. The trustees are J.Downes; R. Freeman & G.Inglis. Charitable status is pending



EDITORIAL

jonathan downes



Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of *Animals & Men*. Forgive me if I have told this story in these pages before, but back in my mis-spent youth when I was learning my craft as a small-press publisher, I was part of the 'UK Progressive Rock Fanzine Mafia'. Now, I can already hear groans of disapproval from many of you in the CFZ readership at this point, but sadly it is true. However, I always remember one issue of a particularly crass little magazine arriving on my doorstep, and I was amused to read its editorial apologising for the issue being four months late. It explained that not only had the editor got a new girlfriend, and was appearing in an amateur production of *My Fair Lady*.

This issue of A&M is something like three months late. You should have had it in early June, but when I explain that in the intervening months since the publication of issue 33, Richard has been to Sumatra chasing *orang pendek*, I have been on an expedition to Illinois in search of the mysterious black cats that lurk there, (inadvertently finding myself in the midst of a cicada plague that was enveloping the mid-west). Then I hope that you will forgive us. I have also been back to Puerto Rico, this time with Nick Redfern, ostensibly to make a film for the Sci-Fi Channel, but in reality as a fact finding mission for a more extensive CFZ

expedition there next year.

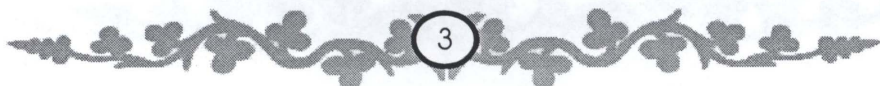
On a less happy note we lost months of work and had a fraught fortnight when the CFZ computer went 'belly-up' in early July (less than a week before I flew out to the Caribbean). Only a day and a bit after my return Richard's father died. On top of this, I have been diagnosed diabetic, (which will come as no great surprise to anyone with more than a passing knowledge of the aetiology of the disease). So, it may not have the wit, elan or flair of a starring role in *My Fair Lady*, (although I think that Graham in drag would make a very fetching Eliza Doolittle), and, yes I have not got a new girlfriend, but I hope that you will agree that this is a pretty damn good bunch of excuses for our tardiness.

This year's Weird Weekend was a great success (see review inside). We are happy to be able to announce the dates for 2005. It will be held on the weekend of the 19th-21st August in the Cowick Barton, Exeter. Speakers will be announced imminently.

Until, next time,
Onwards and Upwards

Jon Downes
(Director, CFZ)

The Great Days of Zoology are not done



THE FACULTY OF THE CENTRE FOR FORTEAN ZOOLOGY



"In her abnormalities, nature reveals her secrets." (Goethe)

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Edited and compiled by Jon and Richard

NEW AND REDISCOVERED

BONE HOME

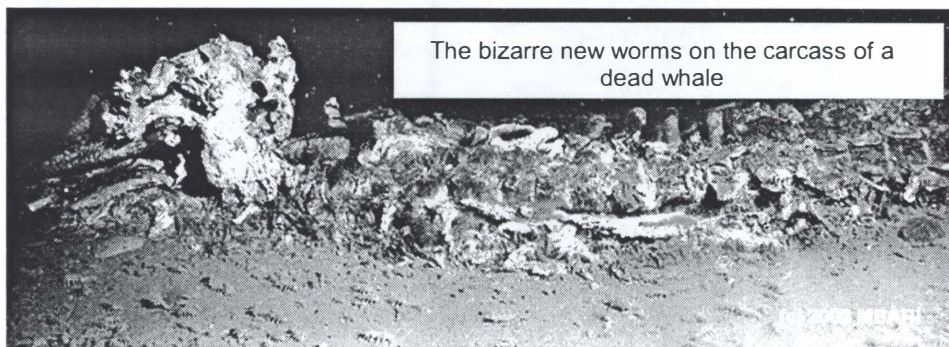
Two strange new species of worms, without eyes or stomachs or even mouths, have been discovered living on the bones of dead whales in California's Monterey Bay. *"Who knows what we can learn here."* researcher Robert Vrijenhoek said. *"There are many things left to*



Taking a sample from the whale bone

discover in this world. Some we find by accident ... and some we find because we look in places that few people have explored before, as in much of our work in the deep oceans."

In this case, it was a bit of both because the unexpected discovery was made about 9,400 feet below the surface. Lead researcher Greg Rouse of the South Australian Museum added: *"Deep-sea exploration continues to reveal biological novelties"* such as this "remarkable" worm. Vrijenhoek, of the Monterey Bay Aquarium Research Institute in Moss Landing, California, said the worms, ranging from 1-inch to 2 ½-inches long have colourful, feathery plumes that serve as gills and green "roots" that



The bizarre new worms on the carcass of a dead whale



(c) 2003 Greg Rouse

Laboratory photo of one of the newly discovered bone-eating worms, *Osedax frankpressi*, which has been removed from a whale bone. Normally only the plumes and the trunk would be visible. The greenish roots and whitish ovary would be hidden inside the bone.

work their way into the bones of dead whales. Bacteria living in the worms digest the fats and oils in the whalebone.

The researchers named the worms, a new genus, *Osedax*, which is Latin for bone eating. "The worms provide insight into the cycling of carbon that reaches the bottom of the ocean. A dead whale delivers the equivalent of 2000 years of 'marine snow' drifting to the bottom ... where carbon is fixed into organic molecules," Vrijenhoek said. Marine snow is made up of bits of dead fish and other matter that settle to the floor of the sea, feeding many creatures there. He added that the "*worms turn whalebone lipids (fats) into worm eggs and larvae that are carried away from the carcass to produce new worms or to be eaten and dispersed by other animals. This discovery adds to the limited knowledge we have about what happens to organic carbon on the bottom of the ocean.*"

The worms found eating the whale bones were females. "Initially we were puzzled why every worm was a female," Vrijenhoek said in a telephone interview. He said Rouse took some worms to his laboratory for study and discovered tiny male worms living inside the females. There were as many as 50 to 100 males within each female, Vrijenhoek said.

The males still contained bits of yolk, as if they had never developed past their larval stage, but they also contained large amounts of sperm. "These worms appear to be the ecological equivalent of dandelions -- a weedy species that grows rapidly, makes lots of eggs, and disperses far and wide," Vrijenhoek said. At first the researchers -- who were actually studying clam ecology -- were at a loss to determine what kind of creature they had found.

"They have no mouth, no guts, no obvious segments like all worms are supposed to have," Vrijenhoek said. They looked a lot like little miniature versions of the strange worms discovered living around hydrothermal vents in the oceans. These vents are cracks in the ocean floor where very hot, mineral-rich water bubbles out from the earth's crust. So the team extracted DNA from the new worms and discovered they were indeed related to the giant vent worms. The vent worms have colonies of bacteria allowing them to live off sulfides released from the vents, while the new worms have bacteria that digest fats from bones.

The new whalebone worms were divided into two species, and the researchers concluded that the most recent common ancestor lived roughly 42 million years ago, about the same time whales themselves first evolved.

SOURCE: *Bull. B.O.C.* vol 124, no. 2 June 2004

THE LONG AND WINDING LANE

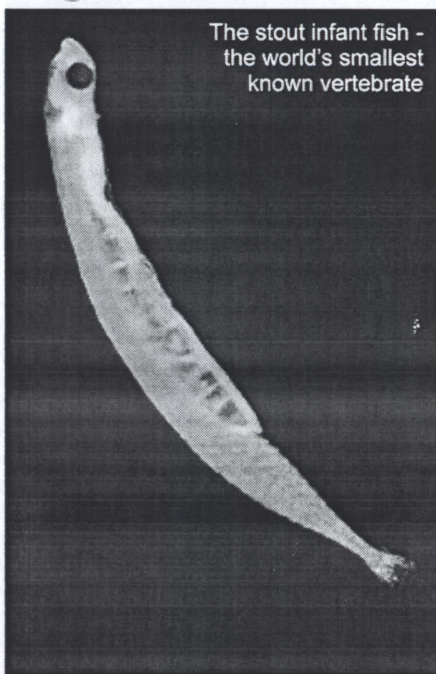
For almost four years Daniel Lane was haunted by the memory of an unusual, yellowish bird that he saw while bird-watching in Peru. They even recorded some of its song.

Now, thanks to Lane, a specimen of that bird - previously unknown to science - rests in a Lima museum. As a part-time international bird-watching tour guide in 2000, Lane was one of the leaders of a group near the Manu National Park in Peru. He spotted the bird along one of the park's major roads. Unfortunately, almost as soon as it was there, it was gone and no one else in the group had seen it. The bird remained in Lane's mind as he returned to lead tours in the area for the next few years, but it didn't reappear.

Then, last year, the pair finally saw it again, and this time, the rest of the group saw it as well. They were also able to make a lengthy recording of its song, a critical part of ornithological study and this year they obtained a specimen. The bird is probably a tanager, having a short, bushy crest and olive back, wings and tail that contrast with a burnt orange crown.

SCHINDLER'S FISH

The world's smallest known vertebrate is a tiny fish that lives in coral lagoons on Australia's Great Barrier Reef, marine scientists say. The scientists caught it 25 years ago but it has taken them this long to verify it was in fact a new species and a record breaker, at just 7 to 8 mm long. The Australian Museum researchers worked with U.S. scientists to describe the new fish species, the stout infantfish (*Schindleria brevipinguis*) in the latest issue of the journal *Records of the Australian Museum*.



The stout infant fish - the world's smallest known vertebrate

The Australian Museum's Dr Tom Trnski, a larval fish expert, said although the sample was collected in 1979, the team did not get around to examining it until eight years ago. This was partly because there were so many fish to examine from their research, about half a million in total. During the process, Trnski's colleague Dr Jeff Leis recognised the six infantfish samples as a new species. U.S. scientists confirmed this.

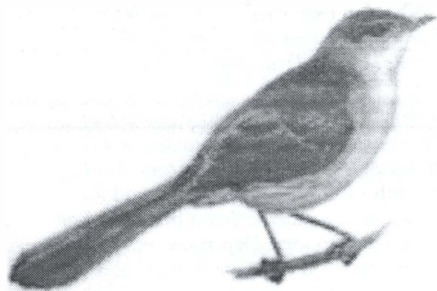
This means there were now three infantfishes in the genus *Schindleria*, known collectively as "Schindler's fishes". The other two species are double the size of the record-breaking stout infantfish.

Female stout infantfish are a fraction larger than the males, with the largest specimen found

so far being an 8.4 millimetre female. This displaces the previous record holder, the dwarf goby. The stout infantfish is also the lightest vertebrate, weighing just one milligram. The species is paedomorphic, meaning the adults have characteristics of larvae and lack some adult features such as teeth, scales, pigment and pelvic fins. This allows them to reproduce extremely quickly, as they fast-track the time needed to reach maturity. The lack of pigment and scales makes the infantfish look like tadpoles, with a lack of visible fins, except the caudal fin. Due to this lack of colour, their size and the netting method used to collect them, no-one has actually seen the fish alive in the wild, Trnski said.

SOURCE: *ABC Science Online*, Thursday, 8 July 2004

THE THRASH STREET KIDS



A bird thought by some to be extinct has been discovered on the island of Cozumel off Mexico's Caribbean coast, conservationists announced. The discovery of the Cozumel Thrasher was announced jointly by the

American Bird Conservancy and Conservation International, both based in Washington, D.C.

Gavin Shire of the American Bird Conservancy called it "*a remarkable rediscovery*," considering the bird hadn't been seen for ten years. The thrasher is found only on Cozumel, where the species numbered about 10,000. Most of them apparently died following Hurricane Gilbert in 1988, the groups said. The Cozumel Thrasher is a brown and white bird about 9 inches long with a long, curved bill. The conservationists said its song "is described as a complex scratchy warbling."

The conservation groups said the bird was spotted last month. They said they would send other teams to the area to try to find more of the birds. "*This discovery provides us with cause for real optimism that where one exists, others may exist as well.*" said Brad Phillips of Conservation International.

SOURCE: *The Associated Press*, 7/9/2004

RAT-TAIL TALE

Brazilian scientists claimed to have found a new fish species believed to have lurked deep in the south Atlantic Ocean for over 150 million years. The fish, of the *Chimaera* genus, is about 30-40 centimeters (12-16 inches) long and is found at depths of 400 to 600 meters (1,300 to 2,000 feet), scientists said.

"*This is a fantastic discovery, because before this we believed there were no Chimaera off the Brazilian coast.*" said ichthyologist Jules Soto, who discovered the fish.

Soto is the curator of the Oceanography Museum at the Vale do Itajai University and co-author of the fish's scientific description. He said the fish was discovered on a Spanish fishing boat trawling off the coast of Rio de Janeiro state in 2001. Soto said his students



first photographed the Chimaera aboard the vessel as part of a research project, but they were unaware of the fish's importance and threw it back in the ocean. Soto realized the significance of the discovery while examining the photographs.

"I could see right away it was a very different animal, just from the shape of the fins," Soto said. It took Soto and his team two more years to locate more specimens and to complete the scientific work needed to prove it was a new species. The fish, which Soto has named *Hydrolagus mattallansi*, has a snub nose, Wing-like side fins, a spiky back fin and stinger tail. It is closely related to sharks and skates.

Those of us in the cryptozoological community who tend to be somewhat cynical about the activities of mainstream scientists can hardly suppress a chortle at the aetiology of this admittedly exciting discovery:

- 1) fish photographed and tossed overboard.
- 2) scientist reviews photos and notices unique fish.
- 3) scientist spends two years trying to find another specimen and then describing it.

Hmmmmmmmmmm

SOURCE: CNN Friday, June 18, 2004

GREGORY IV

The first specimen of the fourth known species of peccary has been discovered in South America but was promptly converted into roast pork and eaten by Brazilian villagers, the German natural-science cinematographer Lothar Frenz said in mid-June. News of the discovery of the giant Peccary was held back till shortly before the airing in Germany of the latest documentary by Frenz, who accompanied a Dutch naturalist, Marc Van Roosmalen, on an expedition to the Amazon

region of Rio Aripuana.

The most common species are the white-lipped peccary (*Tayassu Pecari*) and the Collared Peccary (*Pecari Tajacu*). A third sort, the Chacoan Peccary (*Catagonus wagneri*) was discovered in 1974. Frenz said, the new species' behaviour and colouring were different, along with its size which is 40 kilogrammes and 1.30 metres long. Frenz said that he saw the first discovered giant Peccary struggling valiantly before villagers killed it, flayed it and roasted it on a spit. Frenz said he and Van Roosmalen abstained from trying the meat, but collected some of the remains for a genetic study.

SOURCE: DPA, June 12th

MOUSE (slight return)

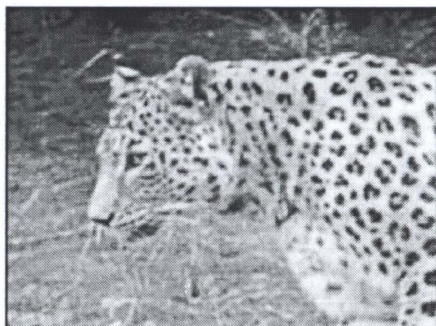
It's tiny, with a long tail, two sets of whiskers and powerful jaws. And it may just be the newest species of mouse, found on a Philippine island by a group of researchers. Eric Rickart, the Utah Museum of Natural History's curator of vertebrates, said the 15-gram rodent with a 4-inch tail and strong, sharp toes is unlike any other mouse found on any Philippine island. *"We were lucky to catch it,"* he said.

After a month of study from late April to late May, the researchers caught the mouse in a lowland forest on south-central Luzon Island, about 50 miles from Manila. Rickart said the mouse may have wandered down from a higher spot in the forest canopy. Depending on the light, it can appear to be bright orange, said Rickart, who has been studying mammals in the Philippines for 15 years. In addition to the mouse's whiskers on its snout, it has other long whiskers that grow from behind each eye. *"We've never seen anything like it,"* Rickart said. Researchers hope to catch more of the rodents in future field seasons to learn more.

SOURCE: The Associated Press, Wednesday, June 9, 2004



LEOPARD SPOTTED



A single leopard has been discovered in the former Soviet republic of Georgia, years after the big cats were thought to be extinct in the area. Zoologists were first alerted by some footprints in the Vashlovani State Reserve, which looked far too large to belong to the much smaller lynx. The leopard - now nicknamed Noah - was then caught on remote-sensing cameras.

Although Noah is the only leopard to be spotted in the area since 1954, many fear he is in danger from poachers. At the beginning of the last century, naturalists described rare sightings of the secretive cat in the mountains of the great Caucasus range. But the sightings dwindled and, when a leopard was killed in

Central-east Georgia over 50 years ago, it was thought to be the last.

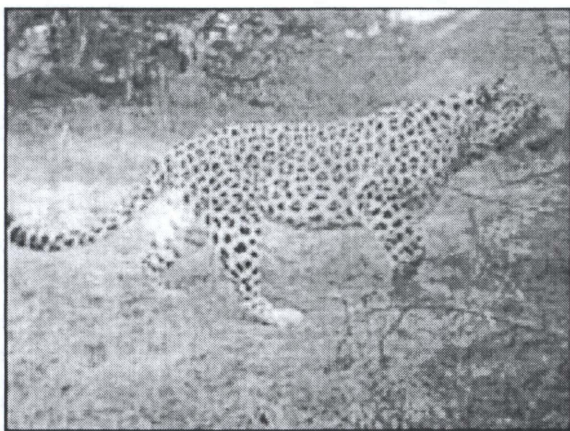
Then, in the late 1990s, the rumours began. Local people living in the mountains started to speak of "huge, cat-like" creatures in the area. "After so many years of searching we were almost ready to give up hope we would ever find the leopard here again," Nacres zoologist Levan Butkhuzi told the BBC. "But once in a while, locals from the high mountainous villages would tell stories about seeing the leopards. We believed the stories less and less, but we kept looking."

Then, in the winter of 2003, Nacres zoologists Bejan Lortkipanidze and George Darchiashvili found some suspiciously large footprints in the Vashlovani Reserve, East Georgia. The two researchers took plaster copies of the footprints and sent them to an Asian leopard expert for validation. The results came back positive:

without a doubt a leopard was in the area. Rather alarmingly though, poachers were also photographed.

"We are very afraid that Noah could be killed," said Dr Butkhuzi. "Poaching is a huge problem, and the last leopard we've seen in 1954

was killed by poachers as well."
SOURCE: BBC news Online May 25th 2004



STUCK INSIDE OF MOBILE

(with the Memphis blues again)

The rusty gravedigger, a brick-colored crawfish about as long as a matchstick, has never been found anywhere in the world save for a short, often foul, stretch of D'Olive Creek right next to the Daphne sewer treatment plant. For that reason, scientists feared that the unusual species, not seen since 1990, had fallen through the cracks of scientific research and passed into extinction without anyone noticing.

Happily, Daphne can still lay claim to the only known surviving population of rusty gravediggers in the world, though for how long is anybody's guess. After a two-week search, reporters documented a colony of dogged survivors, in a shred of wetlands squeezed between the parking lot of Jubilee Square, the Lake Forest subdivision and U.S. 98. The find was confirmed by U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service scientists.

Scientists hailed the news, but expressed surprise. SOURCE: Mobile Register. June 2004

HERR SHARK

A new species of shark that uses its fins to hop rather than swim, has been discovered at a German aquarium. The strange looking shark had been sent to the Sea Star Aquarium in Coburg from a zoo in Austria. When Bavarian shark experts were called in to write an information panel for visitors they were unable to classify it. According to Sea Star's zoological director Peter Falternieier, the strange-looking specimen came from Schoenbrunn Zoo in Vienna, but couldn't be

classified among the 405 known shark species.

The 27-inch-long animal has inflexible eyes, unusually large teeth and, hair.

According to the zoologists, it also "hops" through the water and moves its fins like a whale, instead of swimming the way sharks normally do. Dr Ekkehard Wolf from the Austrian zoo that let the valuable specimen go without realising its worth, said: *"We are trying to find out where it came from originally. It was sold privately to an Austrian pet shop a few years ago."*

"It sold it to a fitness studio in Upper Austria that was destroyed in floods. But the shark was rescued and taken to an animal shelter where it lived for a short while before it was passed on to us, and it's taken us two years to find it a home. We did not realise it was unique."

He added it was not embarrassing that his zoo experts had sold the rare specimen rather than using it for its own collection, saying: "We get hundreds of exotic animals every year, it is not possible to categorise them all."

RAIL AGAINST HIS SERVANTS

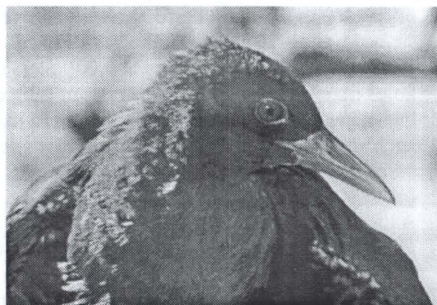
Scientists have discovered a new species of flightless bird on a remote island in the Philippines, the conservation group BirdLife International said. The rare find is dramatic as flightless birds on small islands are especially vulnerable to extinction from human activities. Many of the island species that have been categorized by science were long gone when biologists unearthed their bones.

BirdLife International said the proposed name for the bird is the Calayan rail with the scientific name *Gallirallus calayanensis*. The



bird, about the size of a crow, was found on the island of Calayan in the northern Philippines about 40 miles off the coast. *"The Calayan rail is a relative of the internationally familiar moorhen, with bright red beak and legs contrasting sharply with its dark plumage,"* BirdLife said in a statement. *"But unlike its familiar relative, the Calayan rail is flightless, or nearly so, and found only on the small island after which it is named."*

One or two new bird species are uncovered



each year but this rail's flightless nature and unexplored location make it especially intriguing.

"This is exceptional because it is flightless and no ornithologist had explored the island since 1903," Dr. Richard Thomas of BirdLife told Reuters by telephone from the group's British headquarters. Genevieve Broad, a biologist and one of the co-leaders of the Filipino-British expedition, said isolation had protected the species from human encroachment. *"The island is 186 sq km and has only 8,500 people who are concentrated in one town in the south. There are few people in the middle of the island (where the birds are found) because there aren't any roads,"* she told Reuters.

SOURCE: REUTERS Mon Aug 16, 2004

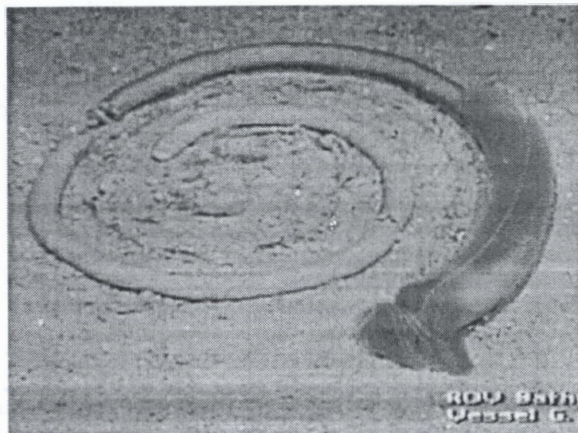
FACTFILE: The Purple Rail of Hiva Oa

This beautiful new bird casts a light on one of the least known and enigmatic cryptids of all the mystery rail of Hiva-Oa. Known locally as the Koao it is said to inhabit the Marquesas Islands in French Polynesia. The legendary explorer Thor Heyerdahl saw a specimen in 1937. He described it as being the size of a long legged gull and fast moving. His native guide told him that the Koao was never captured due to its' speed.

French explorer Francis Maziere recorded in 1956 that the bird had vestigial wings, long legs, a bluish-purple colour, a yellow beak and long legs. He said it was the size of a rooster.

Some think that the Hiva-Oa rail is in fact related to the takahe, a giant flightless moorhen from New Zealand. This idea is supported by the uncovering of some 1000 year old bones on the island in 1988. These were from *Poryphyrio paepae*- a bird closely related to the takahe. Could it perhaps have Survived? This latest discovery from the Philippines is a boost to those who believe that the answer is 'yes'.

THERE'LL BE NO ACCUSATIONS...



Although the unknown animal is "kind of a sensation," Godoe said in an interview, finding new and strange creatures wasn't surprising given that researchers collected more than 80,000 specimens. Moreover, little is known about the deep ocean. *"It's much easier to observe the surface of the moon or Mars,"* said Godoe.

One of the least explored areas on the planet, the Mid-Atlantic Ridge astonished scientists by being more like a coral reef than a desert. *"We were surprised by the colors, the hard and soft corals, and diversity of fish and other species,"* Godoe said.

Nearly 300 species of fish were identified, ranging in size from a fraction of an inch to 14 feet. The

catch included two specimens of *Aphyonus gelatinosus*, a bottom-dwelling, semitransparent fish covered in a gelatinous layer that has been recorded only once before in the North Atlantic. Scientists also bagged a deep-sea fish that employs a dangling lure to attract its victims. The fish will likely be identified as a new species after full studies are completed. Of the 50 species of squid captured, at least one has never been seen before.

Yet another new deep-sea mystery uncovered during the expedition: perfectly straight, evenly spaced lines of 2-inch-wide holes "stitched" into the bottom of the seabed at 6,000 feet. The holes may be burrows of some crab or lobster, but the wonder is how any creature could make such straight lines. *"This has never been seen before,"* said Godoe.

As for the bright-colored, foot-long mystery creature found last month by the submersible, O'Dor said it could be very common in such deep bottom regions, but such areas have rarely

Marine scientists conducting the first comprehensive deep-sea probes of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge stepped ashore in Bergen, Norway, in mid August, excited by their discovery of several suspected new species and a baffling mystery creature. Brightly colored, about a foot long with a well-defined forepaw and tail, it looks like no known sea creature, said Olav Rune Godoe of the Institute of Marine Research in Bergen. The unknown animal was found crawling around the bottom at a depth of 6,500 feet.

Efforts to bring it to the surface failed, making it impossible to know what exactly scientists saw and photographed. The two-month, Norwegian-led international expedition studied marine life ecosystems in the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, a chain of undersea mountains running between Iceland and the Azores. The expedition was part of a 10-year, \$1 billion Census of Marine Life and involved scientists from 16 countries, including the United States and Canada.

been seen by human eyes. In fact, last year's U.S.-Russian expedition took a picture of something comparable. *"Is it the same species? We just don't know until we can get a sample."*

The answer to that particular mystery will have to await future expeditions. In the meantime, Godoc and his dozens of colleagues around the world have an enormous treasure trove of data to analyze. *"We've collected enough materials to keep us busy for a great many years,"* he said.

SOURCE:

http://www.wired.com/news/technology/0,128,2,64483,00.html?tw=wn_tophead_3

LAKE AND SEA MONSTERS

SHE'S GONNA PUT A LITTLE BIT OF SALT ON HIS TAIL

A woman in Vernon, British Columbia is sure that she's seen the legendary Ogopogo monster of Okanagan Lake. Debbie Gelter says that in early June she heard a loud bang on the water, then saw three long, shiny, black humps about fifteen metres long. She noted that there were no boats nearby at the time.

Two weeks previously she saw what she described as a dinosaur-shaped head and neck moving through the water.

SOURCE: *The Province* (Vancouver, BC): June 4, 2004

CHAMP CHOMP

Five Maryland residents vacationing at Lake Champlain claimed, in early August, that they had a close encounter with the legendary 'Champ'. *"I was born in Champlain. I never believed in Champ or the Loch Ness monster,"* said Bob Gload of Crofton, Maryland. *"I believe now."*

Bob and four of his grandchildren were enjoying a quiet Wednesday afternoon of bass fishing. At around 3 p.m., he piloted his 1962 Crestliner to the middle of the lake, partway between Point Au Fer and Isle La Motte, Vt. Gload, 10-year-old Russell Crim and 7-year-old Kaylee Gload were near the stern, facing Isle La Motte. Matthew Crim, 10, and Taylor Gload, 12, were on the boat's bow, facing Chazy Landing.

"We heard a seagull crying. It was flapping around in the water about 150 yards away," Taylor said. Matthew yelled there were three muskies trying to get a seagull, alerting Bob. *"I turned around and saw that explosion from the water. I saw three humps, two- to three-feet tall, about four- or five-feet apart."* Bob said.

Taylor scrambled to get the camera, but by then it was too late. The creature had slipped back beneath the water. *"We watched, and it resurfaced farther north, then that was it,"* Bob said. *"It appeared to be undulating, like the way a snake moves."* He quickly looked around to see if any other boats were nearby, but they were alone. *"It was a very calm day. There were no ripples on the water at all."* Bob said.

All five saw the creature. Bob said Kaylee appeared a little frightened by what she saw. "I wasn't scared," she said. She described the creature as a dark black colour, while Russell said it had a snake-like shape. *"I thought right away it was Champ,"* Russell said. The visitors have been keeping an eye out

in the days following their sighting. "We've been watching with binoculars off and on since then," Matthew said. "We'll keep watching," Taylor said. "Maybe we'll get a picture of it next time."

SOURCE: *Plattsburgh (NY) Press-Republican*: 2 Aug. 2004

CADDYSHOCK

At about 4:30 p.m. on Dec. 12, just as it was starting to get dark, Tyler Innes was with his three-year-old daughter on Taylor Beach, Metchosis, Vancouver, when he saw something "pretty strange" rise up out of the water about 200 metres offshore.

"I saw a splash in the water and looked over," he explained, "and there (was) this strange animal cruising along the surface of the water for about 100 feet - I couldn't make out what it was."

The shape of the object and its movements didn't correspond to any animal he'd ever seen before. A trained biologist, Innes was used to seeing all manner of marine life in that area - everything from sea lions to seabirds.

"We're down at that beach often and there are lots of seals. But this was nothing like that at all. It was like a row of tires or inner tubes rolling around in the water. It was really weird." He described the animal - if that's what it was - as having a row of humps along its spine that decreased in size toward the rear of its body. He also thinks he saw a head and neck structure, although the gathering darkness was making it "hard to see anything distinctly."

Innes admitted he was still not exactly sure what it was he saw but that its general appearance matched up with an account of a *Cadborosaurus* sighting he read later. "It described - pretty well to a T - what I had

seen out on the water. So if they're calling it that, that's pretty well what I saw," he stated. "It could also have been just a trick of the evening and the lighting. At first I thought it was maybe a row of sea otters or river otters - small mammals - but it was continuous. There was no break in the line of humps," he explained. "It was this continuous coil of a body, this sort of 'serpent-sized' body. It was pretty strange."

Tourism Oak Bay offers big prize for Caddy evidence

Oak Bay Tourism is offering up to \$10,000 cash to anyone who can come up with authenticated video footage or photographs of *Cadborosaurus*, as part of a tourism promotion program. For full details, log onto the Web at www.oakbaytourism.com.

SOURCE: *Oak Bay News* 4.8.04

SALMON CHANTED EVENING

Chinese scientists will launch an expedition in September to search for fabled "lake monsters" in north-west China's Xinjiang region. For hundreds of years there have been rumours in Xinjiang's Altay Prefecture that mysterious monsters live in the prefecture's Kanasi Lake, devouring livestock, the Xinhua news agency said.

As horses, cattle or sheep went missing near the lake every year, the legend grew. In 1985, teachers and students from the Xinjiang University Department of Biology discovered that dozens of huge red fish, each 10 to 15 metres long and weighing more than four tonnes, lived in the lake.

A large-scale scientific exploration on the

"lake monsters" of Kanasi, the deepest alpine lake in China, was made in 1987. As a result of the two-year exploration, scientists discovered a school of some 30 to 40 big fish, each three to four metres long. They concluded that the fish, a species of Taimen - a mighty salmonid that grows to monstrous proportions - were the "monsters" making mischief in the lake, Xinhua said.

But researchers still do not know how many Taimen are living in the lake or how long they have been there, how big the largest one is and whether the livestock that have gone missing for hundreds of years were really devoured by the fish.

The exploration, scheduled to last 10 days, will be made jointly by a Chinese scientific exploration team, the underwater photography team of the Chinese Underwater Association and the environmental and tourism administrative bureau of Kanasi. SOURCE: *Sydney Morning Herald* August 22, 2004

SQUID STATS

With a length up to 75 feet, the giant squid, *Architeuthis*, is the largest invertebrate on earth. But it is also the most elusive. It has never been seen alive in its natural habitat. Recent research by Dr. Neil H. Landman of the American Museum of Natural History and colleagues from the State University of New York at Stony Brook and other institutions may help dispel some of the myths.


The researchers studied one of the squid's smallest features, a bone-like particle called a statolith that is not much larger than a grain of sand. Statoliths, which are found in the squid's head and help it maintain equilibrium, grow through the buildup of calcium carbonate in discrete rings.


Landman analyzed isotopes of oxygen in

statoliths from three southern giant squid, *Architeuthis sanctipauli*, from the Pacific Ocean. Like all specimens, these were caught in fishing nets or washed ashore. The proportion of isotopes gives an indication of the water temperature the squid lived in, and temperature can be related to depth. Landman found that the squid lived at depths of 600 to 1,000 feet. While he noted that those figures are not definitive, they are a far cry from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, as some scientists have thought.

The statoliths were also analyzed for carbon-14, a legacy of atmospheric weapons tests. Carbon-14 in the Pacific increased from the 1950s to about 1980, then began a well-documented decline. By analyzing carbon-14 ratios, the researchers were able to calculate an age for the squid: 14 years or less. SOURCE: *The Tech* (Mass. Instit. of Technology): 4 May 2004

There have been a number of giant squid caught in recent months:

 **CANARY ISLANDS:** A specimen nearly 30 feet long and weighing 222 pounds was found tangled in the fishermen's nets. It had already died. The squid will be turned over to the Canary Islands Institute of Science for research and will eventually be put on display at a local museum. SOURCE: *Internet Broadcasting Systems, Inc.*

 **FALKLAND ISLANDS:** A specimen of *Architeuthis dux* with a mantle length of 2.7 metres and an overall length of 10 metres, was caught during a regular trawl by the Fishing Vessel *John Cheek*. It was immediately put in cold storage. When the vessel arrived in Port Stanley, the Fortuna Company handed the squid over to the Fisheries Department to allow scientific study. A spokesman said: 'I would not advise that this 'giant' squid be used for human consumption as the flesh contains a high level of ammonia. It is unique to find a squid of this

size in such good condition, and accordingly we are planning to send it to the Natural History Museum in London'. SOURCE: *MercoPress* - Falkland Islands



NEW ZEALAND: The 5.2-metre-long giant squid, weighing about 300 kilograms, washed up on Farewell Spit. Department of Conservation ranger Mike Ogle says he was completely stunned by the discovery. He says he has never seen a giant squid before and was expecting something about half the size. Mr Ogle says it was a real mission for staff to drag the giant squid off the beach and refrigerate it in preparation for its transfer to Auckland. SOURCE: *NZCiv News* 25/08/04

WRITHER IN THE MURK

Over the past year we have been extolling the theory that the Loch Ness monster - and indeed other northern European and North American lake monsters - are giant eels, which have achieved an immense size because they have become sterile due to some unknown chemical agent in the water. This theory was given a boost recently when two Canadian girls, and a Scottish friend - visitors to the loch - saw what they described as an enormous eel, 28 to 30 feet in length. *"It appeared to move its tail as they watched it and all three ran off screaming."*

They reported the incident to veteran Loch Ness monster expert Steve Feltham - the man who became famous after featuring in the BBC documentary *"Desperately Seeking Nessie"*. He has a less exciting explanation for what the girls saw. *"Lengths of alkathene pipe from the nearby fish farm,"* he declared. *"It's black and about two to three inches in diameter and comes with an adaptor that looks like a hump. There are great big shards of it about and, when it's flapping about on the shoreline, it looks a lot like a live eel."*

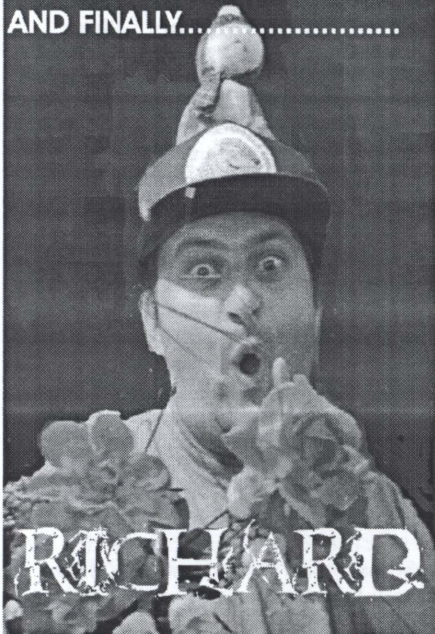
European eels live in freshwater for a number of years and then swim down to the Ocean where they migrate to the Sargasso Sea in the Mid - Atlantic. Here they breed and die. Larval eels (known as leptocephalae), swim slowly back towards northern Europe and gradually metamorphose into elvers - miniature eels which swim up the same river that their parents came from and grow to adulthood in freshwater.

It has been alleged that once in a blue moon an eel becomes sterile and loses the biological imperative to migrate down to the sea to breed. In these cases they can grow to an immense size. There are stories that one of these was found in the Birmingham Ship Canal about 20 years ago - it was supposedly 20 Feet long. Other - more verifiable - giant eels have been found in Ireland and across Europe. This condition is very rare.

But what if some eels lived in an environment which was more conducive than usual to turning some of the eel population sterile?

Mr Feltham, who has lived in a converted van on the shores of Loch Ness since 1991, believes the pipe could easily be mistaken for a living creature. *"There was about 60 feet of it in the water along there and great big chunks of it on the beach,"* he said.

However, Mrs Palmer - a friend of the three witnesses - was adamant the girls had not seen a pipe. *"No way - it was definitely mobile,"* she commented. *"They knew what it was. One of them goes fishing on the lakes in Canada with her father and has seen some pretty big fish there. She knows what she has seen. I believe they definitely saw something like that, but whether it was as big, I don't know."* Mrs Palmer has been told where the girls had their sighting and intends visiting the scene for a closer look. *"I think it was dying because I don't think it would have been on the shore if it was able to move,"* she added.



DON'T HAVE A COW MAN

Health officials in Romania who were called to investigate a strange smell of gas by an angry 74-year-old pensioner found he was storing a dead cow in his living room.

Gyenge Lajos refused to believe that the rotting cow was the cause of the smell.

He said the cow was his meal ticket for weeks to come, as he cut off a strip and cooked it every time he was hungry. Many Romanians keep animals in their homes, including cows and horses.

The pensioner claimed he had been given the cow by a friend and had started eating it after waking up one day and finding it dead.

In the end police in the town of Aita Media had to be called to force Lajos to part with the cow, and he was cautioned for refusing to let authorities take it.

A police spokesman told reporters *"The animal was already in putrefaction and the old man was telling us he was still eating from it from time to time and so he wanted to keep it."*

"He was really angry when it was taken away."

Obituaries

Marjorie Courtenay-Latimer 1907-2004



Marjorie Eileen Doris Courtenay-Latimer, famous for her pivotal role in the discovery that the Coelacanth was still alive; died on Monday the 17th of May after a short illness at the age of 97.

Marjorie Courtenay-Latimer was born in 1907, the daughter of a South African Railways worker. She had a general love of the outdoors, that showed itself at an early age, and stayed with her throughout her life. Her interest in fossil fish started when she was sent to a local Convent school at Aliwal North, where one of the sisters had a particular interest in such things. Although she planned a career in nursing the post of curator of East London museum became vacant shortly before she was supposed to start training. She was offered the post and started in August 1931. At that stage she recalled that the museum had six stuffed birds (with insect pests), a pickled deformed Piglet and 24 or so local pictures.

Over the following few years she painstakingly began the task of building up a worthwhile collection that represented the region. During that time she spent six months at the South African Museum in Cape Town, and met Dr. J. L. B. Smith. He was then a chemistry lecturer

at Rhodes University at Grahamstown, but also a well-known amateur ichthyologist. In 1935 she excavated the fossil skeleton of the dicynodont *Kannemeyeria simocephalus*, with Eric Wilson. During 1936 she studied birds on Bird Island in Algoa Bay. And it was at this time that she started to become friendly with the trawler crews.

So it was that on a hot summer's day, just before Christmas in 1938, that she went aboard the trawler *Nerine* and sorted through several tons of fish. Just as she was about to give up and return to the museum she saw "the most beautiful fish I had ever seen". Although her zoological education was limited she realised that she had come across a rarity. With her African assistant she was able to get the five foot long fish, which weighed 127 pounds into a sack and off the boat. After some effort she then got a local taxi driver to get it back to the museum. Searches in the limited books there failed to identify it and she then tried to contact Dr. Smith.

She was unable to contact him by telephone, so she wrote him a letter, which included a sketch of the fish and some measurements. Unknown to her he was recovering from a recent illness 200 miles further down the coast from Grahamstown, at Knysna. Accordingly he didn't receive the letter until January 3rd. He realised the enormity of the find almost immediately and cabled her straight away to preserve what she could. Unfortunately in the meantime both East London's mortuary and cold store had refused to preserve the fish for her. In desperation she had it stuffed. It was February 16th before Dr. Smith was able to get

to East London where he immediately confirmed the importance of the animal. The fish was subsequently sent by rail, under police guard to Grahamstown from where Smith sent a description and picture to Nature in London. Marjorie had wanted the fish to be named after the skipper of the trawler who found it but Smith was not having that and named it *Latimeria chalumnae*, after her, and the Chalumna river, off which it had been caught.

In fact there was much more to Miss Courtenay-Latimer than the discovery of a fossil-fish. She continued to work for the museum and to build it up to a world class-level. She became the director of the museum in 1945, and finally retired in 1973. It was at this time that Rhodes University gave her an honorary doctorate. Her other works included pioneering the "diorama" concept in South African museums and writing a book on wild flowers.

As if finding the first modern coelacanth was not enough of a claim to fame in the cryptozoological world she had also investigated one of the "flying monster" reports from Southern Africa, but this time with no real success. This report was from Kectmanshoop, Namibia. A boy tending his father's sheep had become aware of the sound of rushing wind and looked up to see a large snake hurling itself off a ridge. Marjorie came to the conclusion that the animal could not be identified, although she suggested that it might be an injured python.

Further involvement with extinct animals came from her presentation to the East London museum of what is suggested to be the only Dodo egg in existence. This was apparently a family heirloom that was given to her in the early 1930s by an aunt. Marjorie in turn lent it to the museum. This egg has in fact caused much controversy. It was apparently examined by the scientific community in the 1940s when

a Dr. Carter in the United States stated that the pitting on the outer surface identified it as being from the pigeon family. However Andrew Kitchener from the National Museums of Scotland, believes that the mass of the egg-shell means that it must come from a bird the size of the ostrich. When Dr. Lee Durrell visited South Africa in 1997 Marjorie was reluctant to let the egg be scientifically examined on the basis that it was too valuable and that it had already been proven to be that of a dodo. It says a lot for the stamina of the lady that she was the guest of honour at the International Coastal and Ocean Exploration conference in East London in November 2003. Whilst there she effectively, but unintentionally, caused a minor interruption by appearing at one of the afternoon sessions, where all the scientists present wanted to shake her hand.

She never married, but as the Times gently put it "Romance was no stranger to her". Independent almost to the end Miss Courtenay-Latimer lived in her own home until only a few weeks before her death. **Chris. M. Moiser**

Ian Freeman 1948-2004

Ian Freeman, father of CFZ Zoological Director Richard Freeman died suddenly of a massive heart attack at his home in Nuncaton, Warwickshire, on Tuesday 27th July.

When I told Richard that I was planning to insert an obituary for his father into this magazine, he said that there was 'no need, because he had not been involved with the world of cryptozoology'.

I disagreed profoundly. If nothing else he had been responsible for siring The World's only Gothic Cryptozoologist™ and for that alone the cryptozoological community owe him a



debt that can never be repaid.

On a personal note, I am sure that you will all join me in sending good wishes, and prayers to whatever deity you believe in to Richard, his widow and family.

Jon Downes

Jack Williams



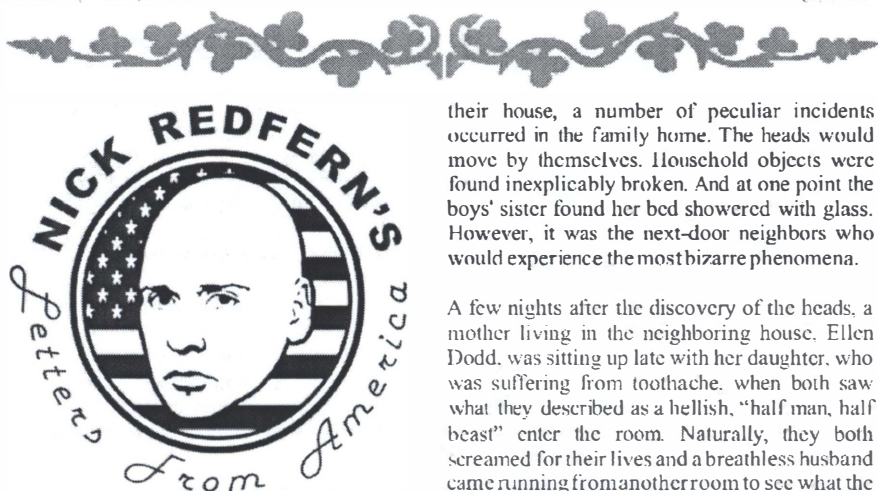
Jack was one of those people who did a whole lot for others, usually working behind the scenes, and in a mostly unsung manner. In fact, when I went a'google fishing for an image of him, I found out that there's a folk/bluegrass guy of the same name who IS sung, laudably so. No disrespect to that guy, OUR Jack Williams was great in his own right. Intelligent, jovial, an excellent teller of lame jokes—his renderings actually made them somewhat funny; our Jack was quick with an observation, a hug, a grin, and he was achingly humble.

He mocked his own foibles, and made anyone who was lucky enough to spend time with him laugh at themselves and the craziness of the world we live in. To coin a Yiddish term, Jack was a *mensch*.

I know this through personal experience. Years ago, against what I thought was my better judgment, I showed up at a UFO conference in Mesquite. Timid and traumatized by one of those inner curve-balls life throws us from time to time; I walked toward the registration building with social dread. Rounding a corner, I was presented with the goofiest grin, the most infectiously welcoming hug. It was like meeting Santa Claus in July. Thanks to that initial contact with Jack and his generous spirit, my confidence mended, and I had a truly marvelous time.

On further occasions, too many to number, I witnessed Jack transferring that same selfless love to others: Old, young, big, small, green, "Grey", left, right, he always seemed to have enough to go around, and then some. Many took those instances for granted, including me.

Lastly, I have not had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Williams, or others of Jack's beloved family and friends, but I would like to extend my deepest condolences. **Karena Bryan**



As you read this issue's *Letter From America* column that normally focuses upon US-based crypto news you might wonder why this time its subject matter is a British-based mystery: the saga of the Hexham Heads. Well, there's an easy answer to that. This bizarre story is to be the subject of a forthcoming, self-published book written by a friend of mine (like me, a Brit now living in the States) who lives a mere stone's throw from me in Dallas; and so I thought why not give him some much due publicity?

As Paul Slattery states: *"I haven't done anything in the way of writing seriously before but the Hexham Heads saga really interests me and no-one had done a book on it, so why not me?"* Why not indeed?

The story really began in February 1972 when an eleven-year-old boy and his younger brother were digging their parents' garden in Hexham, Northumberland, England and unearthed two carved stone heads, slightly smaller than a tennis ball and very heavy in weight. Crudely carved and weathered looking, one resembled a skull-like masculine head and the other a slightly smaller female head with what were said to be witch-like qualities.

Shortly after the boys had taken the heads into

their house, a number of peculiar incidents occurred in the family home. The heads would move by themselves. Household objects were found inexplicably broken. And at one point the boys' sister found her bed showered with glass. However, it was the next-door neighbors who would experience the most bizarre phenomena.

A few nights after the discovery of the heads, a mother living in the neighboring house, Ellen Dodd, was sitting up late with her daughter, who was suffering from toothache, when both saw what they described as a hellish, "half man, half beast" enter the room. Naturally, they both screamed for their lives and a breathless husband came running from another room to see what the commotion was about.

By this stage however, the beast had fled the room and could reportedly be heard *"padding down the stairs as if on its hind legs."* The front door was later found wide open and it was presumed that the creature had left the house.

Soon after this incident, one Anne Ross - a doctor who had studied the Celtic culture and had written several books on the subject - took possession of the stone heads to study them. She already had in her possession several similar heads and she was certain that the Hexham heads were Celtic and nearly two thousand years old. The doctor, who lived in Southampton and about 150 miles from Hexham, had heard nothing of the strange goings on encountered by the previous owners of the heads.

However, having put the two stone heads with the rest of her collection, Dr. Ross, too, encountered the mysterious creature a few nights later. She awoke from her sleep feeling cold and frightened and, on looking up, found herself confronted by a horrific man-beast identical to that seen at Hexham.

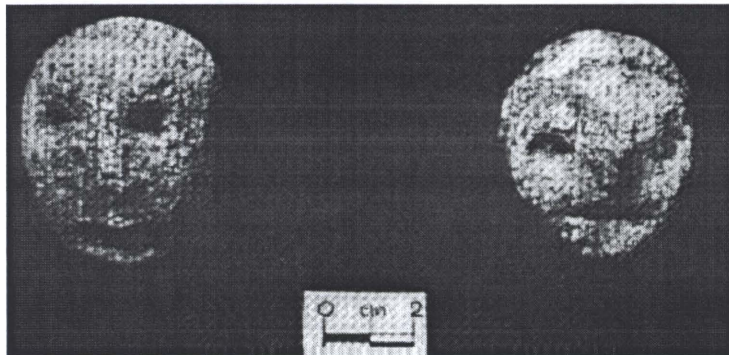
"It was about six feet high," Dr. Ross recalled, *"slightly stooping, and it was black, against the*

white door, and it was half animal and half man. The upper part, I would have said, was a wolf, and the lower part was human and, I would have again said, that it was covered with a kind of black, very dark fur. It went out and I just saw it clearly, and then it disappeared, and something made me run after it, a thing I wouldn't normally have done, but I felt compelled to run after it. I got out of bed and I ran, and I could hear it going down the stairs, then it disappeared towards the back of the house."

After this startling and terrifying event, the doctor and her family saw on several occasions what they described as a huge black creature, not

encounters. Some, however, did report that the sense of pure evil, which seemed to emit from the witch like head, made them feel extremely uncomfortable. Eventually the heads were lost and their current whereabouts are a mystery.

Interestingly, the previous owner of the house in Hexham, where the heads were discovered, claims that he had in fact carved the heads as toys for his children in the 1950's and they had been lost in the garden. Although tests were undertaken at Southampton and Newcastle Universities to try and confirm the age of the heads, the results of those tests remain unknown.



unlike a werewolf, materialize within the confines of the house. It invariably appeared on the stairs, said the doctor, and would then jump over the banisters to land in the hall, whereupon it would exit at speed on padded feet. And at other times, it could be heard padding around unseen and doors would fly open seemingly for no reason.

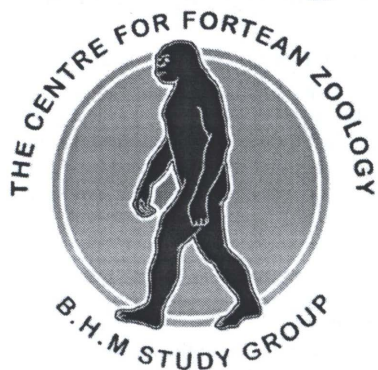
According to the doctor, there was "an evil presence about the house" and she eventually decided that the stone heads were the source of the problem and got rid of the entire collection. The two Hexham heads subsequently passed into the hands of other collectors, none of whom apparently experienced any werewolf-like

This would be just another lycanthropic tale, except for one crucial thing: Paul Slattery's truly immense script on the saga of the stone heads of Hexham and the associated werewolf encounters. Titled *The Hexham Horror: On the Trail of*

the Werewolf it is, quite literally, monstrous and posits a unique and highly intriguing theory that ties in with the great beast himself, Aleister Crowley and the story of Lam. Expect a review and an interview with Slattery in the near future.

References:

The Hexham Horror by Paul Slattery (publication pending); *Nationwide*, BBC 1976; *The Evening Chronicle*, 23 January 2003; Interview with Dr. Clare Sommers, 5 August 2004; *Mystery Animals of Britain and Ireland* by Graham McEwan, Robert Hale Ltd., 1987.



A year or so ago we launched the CFZ Mystery Cat Study Group. This has been a roaring success with its own website and its own monthly bulletin of sightings reports. We are proud, therefore, to launch our second dedicated study group under the auspices of Paul Vella.....

The purpose of this regular section is to keep you up to date with what is going on in the world of Hominid research. There is a lot of ground to cover, so let's get started.

* Texas 'Paddy Fields' photo is a rice let down.

A Texas woman announced to the world last month that her granddaughter had taken two photos of a large hairy creature running across a paddy field in east Texas. After a protracted and secretive hunt for a media company to pay her the \$9m (yes, I did say nine million dollars) she wanted for the photos, I managed to see them for myself. - The photos do show something, but that something could be almost anything. Praise has to go to the granddaughter for having the foresight to grab the disposable camera she kept in her glove compartment, but if they really want to make some money out of Bigfoot, then they had

better come up with something better than a darkish log shaped object.

* New Books

Canadian publishers Hancock House have not only re-released John Green's 1978 seminal work '*Sasquatch: The Apes Among us*' (this book has fetched over \$200 on eBay), but they have also published an excellent new book by Chris Murphy called '*Meet The Sasquatch*'. This book is an amazing contribution to the field, including many previously unavailable photographs, and some of the clearest still frames from the Patterson-Gimlin film you will ever see. It is available on Amazon.

* BFRO Expeditions

The Bigfoot Field Researcher's Organisation came under a lot of criticism recently for charging some \$1,200 per head to take part in a Bigfoot 'Roundup'. BFRO actually started auctioning places on this trip on eBay, lowered the price when few people took up the offer, and restricted the participant's 'field time'. the BFRO suggested that you brought food and drink to sell in order to help pay for the trip! At one point, BFRO 'frontman' Matt Moneymaker practically guaranteed that participants would encounter something. Needless to say, no paying participants saw or heard anything.

Now, I am no expert on wildlife behaviour, but I wouldn't be at all surprised if inviting dozens of people to stomp around the woods was not a great way of attracting a creature that has remained hidden for generations.

Of course, I might have felt better about these expeditions if they hadn't used one of my photos to publicise these events without my permission. Not only that, but they continue to have my photo on the bfro.net homepage (the handsome, bald dude on the left).

* **Bigfoot Central.**

The 'Artist First' US based radio station's presenter and Bigfoot veteran researcher Robert Morgan quit his weekly radio show recently. Loren Coleman stepped into his shoes, but resigned a few weeks later after the station put undue pressure on him to interview Jon-Erik Beckjord who believes that Bigfoot are shape-shifting aliens made from titanium and are made from composite parts of Bigfoot researcher thought waves!

Anyway, not wanting to give Beckjord any more airtime than he deserves. Coleman made the brave decision to resign, hinting that this was probably the reason Robert Morgan had left the show.

Artist First responded by axing the show completely, before giving it a reprieve of sorts.

The show is aired on Tuesday nights at 9pm Eastern Standard Time listeners outside the USA can hear the show on the Artist First website www.artistfirst.com.

* **New York Video**

The BFRO are currently investigating a video shot four years ago by some drunken campers the video was put in a drawer until recently when the owners came to watch it, they noticed something very unusual moving in the background.

I have seen the video myself, and can confirm that it appears to show a chimp-like creature swinging playfully amongst trees in the background. Unfortunately, the object is in silhouette, so it will be impossible to find out what it is, but it remains the most interesting video evidence that has emerged in the past couple of years.

* **Recent Sightings Roundup:**Ohio, Hardin County; March 2004

The witness reports that he was driving home at 2am when a dark shape on the south side of the road caught his attention (and his wife and mother's too). He stopped the car and reversed. Whatever it was appeared to have been lying in the ditch that goes under the bridge. When the car reversed it appeared to get up and lean over as if shielding itself and seemed as if it realised they could see it. The creature stood up and apparently ran at the car very quickly. The driver sped off, and the creature was reported to have followed the car into the road, but left behind.

Idaho, Kootenai County; Oct. 2003

Three visitors to the forest witness seeing the black silhouette of a hominid 9-10ft tall about 15 yards from where they were sitting. The creature shuffled off, and walked away using 'human-like' strides down from a ledge and into the trees.

Greg Long no longer denies that he paid the 'suit man'

Elsewhere in this issue I write about Greg Long's ridiculous book *'The Making of Bigfoot'* at some length. Since then, Russian researcher Dmitri Bayanov got wind that Bob Heironimus (the suit guy) had been paid \$5,000 by Greg Long. I personally didn't think this was likely, and as expected Long denied it. I pressed the matter further, since I felt that if there was a payment, it would probably be on the promise of Kal Korff's future TV series, so hearing that Long was to be interviewed on a national radio show in the US, I persuaded the presenter who was interviewing Long to ask whether he, Kal Korff or Robert Kiviat had paid, or promised to pay Bob Heironimus any sum or compensation.

Long refused to answer saying "I know who that question is from !".

This whole situation stinks.



AN ABJECT APOLOGY

Usually this space in the magazine is handed over to Mark Fraser who does a sterling job in chronicling the events within the area of Mystery Cat research over the previous three months or so. However, this time I am claiming Editor's prerogative and commandeering this page for reasons of my own.

Regular visitors to the ABC Study Group website at www.mysterycats.com will probably have noticed that there have not been any new monthly updates since - I believe - May.

As I explained in my Editorial lots of things have happened over the past few months and we are - sadly - behind schedule on a number of our projects. What I did *not* say was that the core members of the CFZ Team - me, Richard, Mark North, Graham and John Fuller - are working on average 240 man-hours a week on the CFZ and we just simply do not have enough hours

in the day. A few years ago we had the opposite problem: plenty of time but no money. These days the CFZ coffers are pleasantly well-stocked but we have no spare time at all. When crises occur, therefore, we are in the sad situation of getting further in arrears with our schedules

Mark Fraser has dutifully been sending us the monthly reports but we have just not had time to be able to format them, create pdf files and post them. Now help is at hand in the shape of the lovely Rachel Carthy, an old friend of ours and long time CFZ member.

At the Weird Weekend she kindly offered to take over administering the monthly big cat newsletters and so, by the time you are reading this, I hope that everything will be tickety-boo once again.

We also have to apologise to Mark for the delay in publishing his book - the round up of all 2003 sightings of mystery cats in the UK. The master is now very nearly finished and, once again, we hope that it will be available by the time you read this.

Poor old Mark was due to appear at the Weird Weekend this year, but a series of car disasters meant that he was forced to accept some paid work that came up at the last moment and was thus unable to attend. It is a great pity because not only would he have been a great addition to the line-up but it would have given me a chance to buy him a drink or three and apologise in person for the shabby way in which his research is being disseminated by the CFZ. Therefore this apology will have to do. Mark dude, your efforts are very much appreciated, and we hope that the next few months will see things beginning to run smoothly at last. JD

RETURN TO SUMATRA: *INTO THE LOST VALLEY*

Richard Freeman

Before embarking on the narrative of the second CFZ expedition to Sumatra it is necessary to bring the reader up to date with the developments that have occurred in the last year. As you will doubtless recall we failed to meet the witness at Sungi-Rumput. Debbie Martyr

contacted us shortly after our return. She had managed to talk to the man in question.

The man had been a poacher, hence his reticence to talk to us. He snared deer in the jungle.

About three months prior to our visit he was checking his snares. He found that one had caught a strange ape like creature. It was about a metre in height (Debbie thinks this is an underestimate), black furred, and powerfully built. Panicking he tried to jab at it with his spear. The ape snatched the weapon and snapped it in two like a matchstick. It then let out a deafening bellow that scared the man so much he passed out. Upon waking he saw that the beast had freed itself and was walking off through the jungle. Unsurprisingly he gave up poaching.

Several weeks later Debbie e-mailed me to say that a honey colored orang-pendek had been recently reported from Renah Permatik. It had supposedly killed three dogs. The locals set out to catch it and Gunung Tuju was crawling with people armed with cameras. Needless to say nothing came of the hunt.

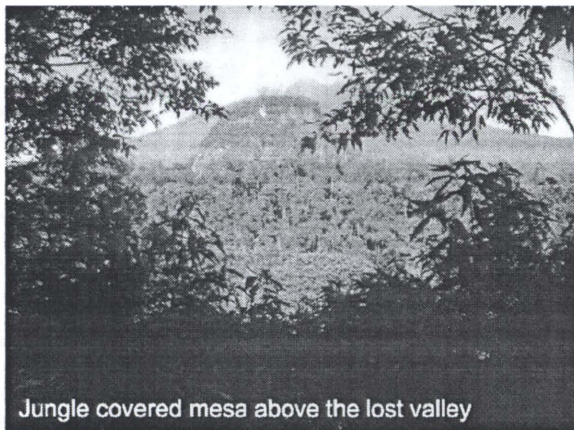
On describing the cigau to Darren Naish he told me how struck he was with its resemblance to a group of fossil cats known as Homotheres. These were also known as scimitar cats and were related to the more familiar saber toothed cats. They had large canines, short tails and sloping backs. Fossil

remains of them have been uncovered on neighboring Java. They are believed to have died out 10,000 years ago. Could a relic population be hanging on in Sumatra?

Dr Lars Thomas had kindly agreed to examine the hair samples we brought back with us. The smaller gray hairs turned

out to be, much as I expected, from the Malayan tapir. The longer brown ones were feline. Lars compared them to the known species of cat found in Sumatra. He eliminated them all except for the golden cat. For a while we hoped we had found some samples of cigau hair, but it was not to be.

When Lars Thomas was finally able to get hold of golden cat hair samples it turned out that they matched the samples we had brought back with us.



Jungle covered mesa above the lost valley

This year's expedition was to concentrate on the "lost valley". Debbie had told us of this mysterious place on our previous visit. Situated beyond Gunung Tuju, it had never been penetrated by explorers.

We flew out via Bahrain in early May 2004. We caught the connecting flight from Singapore the same day and cut out the depressing island of Batam that we were forced to travel from last year.

Once in Padang we stayed at the Diplo Hotel as we did the year before. The karaoke from the bar was so loud you could not hear yourself think whilst trying to eat. The following day we booked a car and headed out to Kersik Tua. We had arranged to stay with Mr Subandi, the man who had so kindly looked after Jon last year when he had food poisoning.

We swiftly broke down a few scant miles out of Padang and had to wait for a replacement car. The driver was a maniac. For those of you unfamiliar with Indonesia roads they look like a cross between Baghdad high street and a particularly tortuous alpine back road. Most of Sumatra is mountainous, ergo the roads are 90% corners and twists. The driver took these at a Knuckle-whitening pace. The nature of the roads means that it takes up to three times as long to get anywhere in Sumatra as it would in Britain. It is about 100 miles from Padang to Kerinci but it takes eight awful hours. The driver was trying to slice some time off the journey. All he did was make Chris feel nauseous. We had to stop on several occasions for poor Chris to have a "technicolor yawn". On one occasion we saw a troop of banded langurs crashing through the trees beside the road.

We arrived late at Mr Subandi's. It is always a pleasure to stay with him. He is a keen bird watcher and naturalist and his wife is an excellent cook. Outside of Padang, Sumatran food is truly dire. Mr Subandi's is one of the

very few places that you are guaranteed a good meal.

As luck would have it, Mr Subandi knew of our quest and had uncovered some recent orang pendek witnesses less than an hour's drive away, in a village called Te Uik Air Putih. By a remarkable stroke of luck a specimen of the titan arum, the world's largest flower was blooming in the same area. The titan arum blossoms only once in ten years so this was an un-missable opportunity.

Together with a pleasant Dutch couple who were also staying at Mr Subandi's, we sallied forth to find these treasures.

The village backed onto an area called 'the garden'; cultivated land that is used for growing crops. 'The garden' merges with the jungle seamlessly, and in some areas is very overgrown. Due to its more open nature one usually encounters more wildlife in 'the garden' than the jungle proper. The titan arum is truly the Godzilla of flowers and looks like some strange surrealist sculpture or something made by the BBC special effects department. It stood seven feet tall. The elephant's foot of a stem widens into a barrel sized green bowl. This in turn flares out into the petal which looks like nothing so much as a Spanish Flamenco dancer's red dress. Finally a phallic stamen of bright yellow rises from the petal's folds.

The scent of the titan arum is said to be like rotting flesh. It is pollinated by flies attracted to what they think is a cadaver. We could detect no such smell around *our* flower but, close by, the fresh carcass of a bearded pig was stealing its thunder.

You may recall from my notes on last year's expedition that Sumatra is a land of giant insects. On our way through the garden Mr Subandi discovered a giant ant. Whilst not quite as large as those beloved of 1950s B



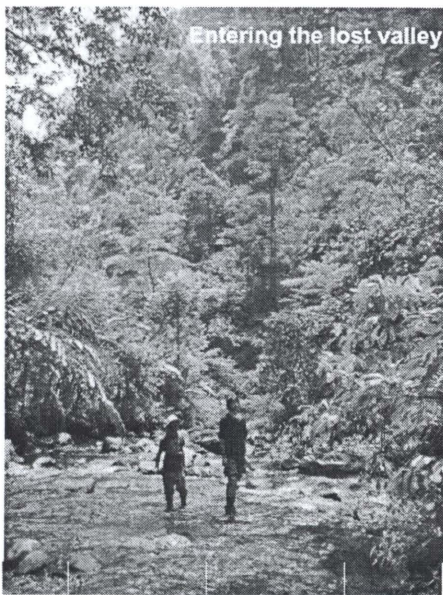
The animal had short black hair, a broad chest with pink skin visible on it, and a pointed head possibly indicating a sagittal crest. The ears were long. The creature vanished and Seman said that he had the feeling it had fled to the river and swam across it, though he did not see this. The river was a torrent when we were there but in February it was much lower. It had been in view for three minutes.

On visiting the area we worked out that the creature had been 22 metres away from the witness. Seman produced a sketch showing a powerfully built, ape-like creature with broad shoulders, long arms, and a conical head. At no time did it raise up its arms, as gibbons are wont to do on the rare occasions they move about on the ground.

We returned to the same general area the next day to interview another witness. On the way through the garden we saw a couple of flying

movies it was the biggest ant I had ever see. At two inches long it was as large in relation to the common formica ant as a whale is to a human. *Camponotus gigas*, to give its scientific name, is a truly spectacular sight. It feeds on smaller insects, bird droppings, and honeydew. It's a damn good job it is not aggressive like driver, soldier, or fire ants. The prospect of 100,000 flesh-eating two inch ants is unnerving.

We found the house of the witness and interviewed him via Mr Subandi. His name was Seman. He was a middle-aged man with a young child. Seman had seen the creature in an area of land close to a river at mid-day in February 2004. Back then, the area was overgrown. The creature was only visible from the waist upward. He estimated it to be 80cm tall but, when we looked at the area ourselves it seemed that the animal must have been over a meter tall. The height he indicated with his hand looked like one meter as well.



dragons. These agamid lizards glide by using extended ribs covered with skin. Their "wings" were a canary yellow and made a breath-taking spectacle. At least we could say that we had encounter flying reptiles on our quest for the lost valley.

Another fascinating sight was a hunting wasp. The wasp had stung and paralyzed a large grasshopper and was in the act of dragging it into its burrow. The wasp lays an egg on the still living prey and it hatches into a grub that eats the victim alive.

Ata was in his twenties and had seen his creature about three weeks after Seman. He heard a strange cry coming from the same are of the garden were Seman had his encounter. The noises began at 10 am. They were a loud OOOOHA! OOOOHA! Upon investigation Ata found himself only five meters away from a strange beast. It was one meter tall and had short black hair. Its prominent chest made him think it was female. Its lower half was hidden by vegetation.

He noticed that it had large owl-like eyes, a flat nose, and a large mouth. It seemed aggressive and Ata said he felt the hairs on the back of his hands rise up in fear.

Ata produced a drawing of a muscular, upright creature, with large round eyes. It lacked the pointed head of Seman's description.

Back at Mr Subandie's another man said that a friend of his had found what he believed to be orang-pendek footprints in his cornfields on three occasions. He promised to send more details to Mr Subandi.

The next day our guide Sahar turned up. We were all very happy to see him again. He casually told us that he had seen a giant snake captured by a jungle dwelling tribe called the Kubu. We instantly recognized this as the story

that had reached the British press of a 49-foot long, 985 lb python called "Fragrant Flower". The giant reptile had reputedly been looked on as an elder by the tribe. Imam Darmanto, the owner of a zoo in Java, had reputedly persuaded the Kubu to part with the giant. It allegedly took 65 men and the blessing of a tribal leader to capture it. The snake was transported to Java where it was put on display and fed a diet of dogs. Unfortunately when the Guardian newspaper sent a reporter over with a tape measure Fragrant Flower had shrunk to 23 feet. It seemed that the whole story was a scam by Mr Darmanto to promote his tawdry zoo.

Sahar confirmed that it had only been about seven meters long. He promised to take us to talk to the very tribe who captured it when we returned from the lost valley.

Together with his brother John, another man also called John (making three Johns on the expedition) and another porter called Pak Nadur, we began our trek towards the lost valley. From the village of Kutang Gajha (which the Indonesian dictionary insists means elephant's bra!) we started our journey.

Though the terrain was not as steep as on last year's trip it was very muddy. The track had been turned into a quagmire by cattle and rain. The going was slow and tiring. We watched a troop of pig-tailed macaques through binoculars as they snooped around some farm building in search of any food they could pilfer. The garden is extensive and many farmers build huts that they sleep in as temporary homes whilst they are tending their crops of tea, coffee, or cinnamon.

We finally came upon an abandoned hut. It was obvious that no one had inhabited it for years. It stood on wooden stilts and was festooned in cobwebs and fading graffiti. We slept overnight in this malodorous shanty. Sahar's brother John had not brought a sleeping bag and had to

fashion a crude equivalent out of plastic sacking. During the night he was beset by ants. Another unwelcome visitor was a gigantic spider four inches across that Sahar discovered scuttling around the floor. It was, he told us, venomous. Not fatal, but painful. We ejected it from the hut but next morning I discovered it in my sock!

Another troop of banded langurs was observed noisily bounding past the shack.

We sallied on. The path was dull and difficult. The muddy nature slowed our pace to that of a snail and we were beset by flies. Gradually the jungle began to replace the garden. Sahar spotted the trail of a sun bear. The spoor was less than a day old. Sahar asked a man herding buffalo if he knew the general direction we should go. The man pointed us down one of the many paths. We walked for hours, becoming more fatigued, until night approached and we stumbled across a small and familiar looking stream. Behind the stream was the shanty. We had come full circle and wasted a whole day. We climbed the ladder into the hut and went to bed in poor spirits.

At least we were eating better than last year. After a week of enduring rice, noodles, and bitter fish we had brought some food parcels over from England. Protein bars, soup, dried fruit, and biscuits made all the difference.

Next day we set out along a different path. Once again we became lost. Sahar was not *au fait* with this area. By pure chance we stopped by a farmhouse. The people there said that one of their relatives, a man called Pak Suri knew the way to the lost valley. Pak Suri was away that day and would not be back until the morning. The family kindly put us up for the night.

The family had a young boy named Ragui. He had deformed feet that were twisted in such a

way as to be literally pointing backward. This was strange as in Islamic law djinn, shape-shifting spirits, can be recognized by this trait. When in human form their feet point backwards. This odd piece of folklore is repeated in other cultures as far apart as South America and the Himalayas. I wondered if the poor child would face a life of being feared and treated as an outcast. He seemed to be able to walk quite well and his family loved him.

It transpired that Pak Suri would not be returning the next day as at first thought, but another man - Pak En - who knew the way, was contacted. Pak En was a sprightly old man who had ventured into the valley years ago on a fishing trip. He agreed to be our guide for the next few days.

Jon got a craving for coke and wanted to walk back to Kutang Gajha to see if they had any in the shop. He and Sahar headed back. They reappeared over four hours later in the pitch black. The only beverage the shop sold was a locally brewed pop called "Frambosen". This delightful drink was sold in old Fanta bottles and tasted like flat, old, vimpto with soap powder in it. It seemed that the creators of Frambosen had not quite got the knack of making drinks fizzy. Their efforts just made Frambosen foamy.

The stars - or bentang as they are called in Indonesia - were truly spectacular and unaffected by light pollution. The constellations not visible in England were of great interest.

In the morning we set out for the lost valley with Pak En leading the way. We trekked upward into the jungle. As we progressed the leech problem got worse. Dozens of the micro-vampires silently attached themselves to our legs. Jon has a particular dread of leeches and found it quite distressing. Sahar had a novel way of thwarting the tiny horror. He daubed

our boots with damp tobacco. It seems that leeches abhor the stuff.

Leeches were not the only irritation. I was set upon by a swarm of biting ants. Thankfully they were not the titanic species Mr Subandi had shown us previously.

Towering mesas loomed out of the jungle. Behind them a fat daytime moon was fully visible giving the views an alien feel. Sahar came across the droppings of a sun bear. Though the smallest of the bears (about the size of a big saint Bernard dog) they are second only to the polar bear in terms of aggressiveness. They sport outsized claws used for ripping into rotten logs in search of insects or honey. They can just as easily rip flesh.

Finally we came to the valley. There was a damn good reason why it was lost. Sheer cliffs fell one thousand feet into rapids. The sides of the valley were swathed in savagely thorned rattan. We had no rope. If we wanted to see the bottom of the valley we would have to risk scrambling down by hand.

Pak En found a part of the valley wall that was slightly less than perpendicular and we gingerly began our decent. What looked like solid ground would often be no more than

loose topsoil of leaves and would cascade from underfoot. Sturdy looking branches would be rotten to the core and snap whilst being used for support. Half sliding, half walking we made our way towards the bottom.

Walking out into the sunshine of the valley it was astounding to think that I was the first Westerner ever to set foot in the place. It was more of a river-carved gorge than a valley. The fast flowing river dominated the area. Though not deep or very wide, it was fast and its bed was a mass of slippery rocks. The only place large enough to build our camp was in a small area of jungle close to where we had descended. The river looked as if it could flood violently and quickly.

At camp that night Pak En told us that he had seen an orang-pendek in the jungle just above the valley three years ago. He was walking along a jungle trail when he saw it approaching. It was one meter tall, upright, and

powerfully built. It had black hair with red tips and a broad mouth. Its prominent breasts made Pak En think it was a female. He noticed that it grasped the vegetation as it moved. It let out OOOOHA! OOOOHA! sound. He watched it move down the trail for two minutes before it saw him. On seeing Pak En it quickly turned about and walked back the way it had come.



That night the camp was eerily lit up by thousands of green fireflies.

After breakfast Sahar, Jon, Chris, Pak En, John, and I set out to explore the valley. The nature of the valley compelled us to keep crossing the rapids on foot. The banks would peter out into sheer cliffs on one side forcing us to cross to the other. Some areas of the cliff faces were striped clean by landslides. Hundreds of tons of earth, rocks, and trees had fallen into the Valley, blocking whole areas and making the journey more arduous.

We had to scramble across slick boulders and walk across fallen trees. Such was the environment of the valley that it took hours to walk what one could have done in thirty minutes in England.

We saw many small animals. I regretted not having sample tubes with me, as some were undoubtedly unknown to science. But weight was a big concern in the jungle and we found the scant equipment we did bring along quite heavy enough. Tiny fast moving fish, a gigantic toad with tiger like stripes on its hindquarters, oddly flattened tadpoles that stuck to the rocks like sucking loaches. Above us, black eagles whirled in the azure sky.

The progress was so slow that we realized that we would not make it to the end of the valley and back to camp before nightfall. We had to turn back about three quarters of the way along

the valley. Darkness falls with alarming rapidity in the tropics. The river was treacherous enough by day; in the dark it would be deadly. A broken leg in such a remote area could mean death. Sadly we turned and headed back to camp.

Nylan - the chief of the Kubu



We decided that from where we were camped it would be impossible to reach the end of the valley in a day. The small area was the only part of the valley suitable for camping. We had no choice but to climb up the cliffs to the top again. The valley did not look like suitable orang-pendek habitat. It was too narrow and there was nothing in it worth expending all the energy of climbing down for. I think that orang-pendek would have more common sense than to climb

down into the gorge.

The climb back up was easier than that going down. We could crouch on all-fours making ourselves more stable. Once we had reached the top, we found a new place to make a fresh camp and Pak En took us off to where he had seen the orang-pendek. It was a long climb up through harsh jungle. Along the way we saw scrape marks left in the earth by a tiger. It was odd to think that we were sharing the forest with such large predators. It is a feeling one seldom gets in Britain. Some people we spoke

to had lived their whole lives in the jungle and had never seen a tiger. Sahar had only ever seen one. Mr Subandi had seen a total of three.

When we reached the area of the sighting Pak En mimed the strange way that it had walked, gripping at the plants as it went. He told us that its outsized muscles reminded him of Mike Tyson. Jon filmed his performance for the website.

That night around the campfire Chris, Jon, and I picked 100 leeches off our legs. The camp was alive with cicadas. All over the world the 17-year cicada cycle had reached its apex, and they were emerging in their thousands. Our socks and mosquito-nets were festooned with their old cast-off exoskeletons, like yellow ghosts.

In the morning Sahar found a long black hair in the camp. It looked human but was far longer than the hair of anyone in the camp. It could have been from the mane of an orang-pendek. We may have brushed past a hair sticking to bush in the jungle and not noticed. Sahar told us of legends of beautiful long-haired women who lived in the jungle. I had secretly been wishing we could have stumbled upon a tribe of oriental amazons whose men folk had died out (perhaps of exhaustion) but no such luck. I placed the hair in a sample bag. Then we trekked down through the garden into what passes as civilization in Sumatra. We took a ride in the back of a lorry to Kersik Tua. Back at Mr Subandi's we made plans to visit the Kubu and enquire after giant snakes. The Kubu live in the lowland jungles of Jambi Province so we would need to travel back to Sungei Penuh, thence to the town of Bangko, and from there into the jungle.

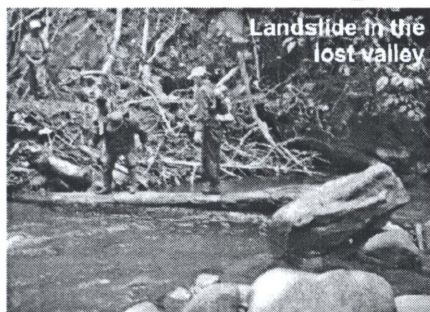
We had an extra day of rest at Mr Subandi's. In the evening he took us out bird watching in the forested foothills of Mount Kerinci. The area of woodland we visited was a short car ride away and lay beyond cultivated fields. It was

home to a ghostly little bird known as the Short Tailed Frogmouth. One of Mr Subandi's friends could emulate the strange, eerie, drawn out cry of the bird. He called out and began to get answers from the darkness. After a couple of false starts he managed to draw down one of the birds. It was a small, fat, gray, fowl about the size of a little owl. It was strange that such a small bird could make so disturbing a sound. It tarried a while on a branch but flew away before we could get a close look at it. Soon, however, we came upon a larger, tawny colored specimen, squatting motionless in a tree. We observed it through binoculars. It seemed all mouth and eyes like a feathered pac-man. When the great yellow eyes opened it was a shock. Eyes as large as human eyes in a small bird lends it a Hyronymous Bosch quality.

The trip from Mr Subandi's to Sungei Penuh was dull. The trip from Sungei Penuh to Bangko was a mind bending eight hours. The tedium was only broken by the appearance at dusk of gigantic flying foxes with five-foot wingspans that flew alongside the car. They roosted in huge groups like masses of giant umbrellas in the trees.

Bangko itself is unremittingly dull and awful, the Indonesian equivalent of Nuneaton. It has little to commend it to the tourist. We checked into a hotel and had a look at the ugly town. A nearby super market was selling bird's nest soup flavored pop! The soup is made from the nests of cave dwelling swifts that inhabit, Indo-China, Malaysia, and Indonesia. They create their nests from a special quick drying saliva. So when you are eating bird's nest soup you are eating swift's spit. The bird's nest flavored pop tasted just like you would expect it to. Like bird's spit. I brought half a dozen to take back home as presents.

Sahar found out that one of the men working at the hotel knew the Kubu and could speak their



language (quite distinct from Indonesian). He agreed to take us to see the Kubu the day after next.

In the mean time we tried to find something to do in Bangko. We were told that there was a spectacular tower in the local park. It turned out that the twenty-foot tower was part of a local radio transmission mast. It once had colored plastic attached to it to cheaply emulate stained glass, but all except a handful of panes had fallen out. A collection of goats grazed around it. That evening we managed to find a restaurant shaped like a steam locomotive. It served quite passable food by Indonesian standards. I wondered if anyone in the whole world was doing the same thing as us. Eating in a train shaped restaurant whilst waiting to question tribesmen about giant snakes and ape-men.

We set out the next day together with our translator for a bumpy ride along an ill maintained road into the jungle. The Kubu were once a totally nomadic tribe. Their only weapons were spears. They did not even use blowpipes or bows. These days the Kubu are semi nomadic, spending months in the jungle then returning to live for a while in houses.

We found the chief of the Kubu, a man named Nylam, in a roadside house with his family and several members of his tribe. He had been

suffering from malaria and was glad when I was able to give him some medicine. He seemed happy to take us into his house and speak with us.

With us asking questions to Sahar in English, Sahar asking the translator in Indonesian, and the translator asking the Kubu in their language, we conducted an interview. Nylam confirmed that he and his tribe had indeed captured a large snake. It was a python. When asked about its length he stated that it was 23 feet (7 meters) long. This tallied with both Sahar's estimate and the measurements of the reporter from the Guardian. The snake had been sold to a man in Java. The chief said that they had caught a 26 foot (8 meter) specimen shortly after but they had let it go back into the jungle again.

I asked if any of the Kubu had ever seen a 15-meter snake. They all said that they had never seen one so large. I asked how long the largest snake they had seen was. Nylam and several of



his hunters all said that they had seen several snakes of 33 feet (ten meters) in length.

One in particular, had hung around close to their habitations about six months ago. Now came the strange part. All three men were adamant that these 10 meter snakes sported cow like horns. One man called Nucraha had been within 17 feet (5 meters) of one of the giant snakes and confirmed that it had horns. They also said it had a moss like growth on it's back. I asked them to draw a picture for me but none of them could draw. I produced a quick sketch of a reticulated python to which I added horns. It met with enthusiastic nods of approval

Stranger still was their beliefs about these huge snakes. Once a snake reaches a very large size it begins to get fatter and shorter. It grows four legs, each with five toes. Then it swims out to sea. I drew another picture, this time of an Indo-Pacific crocodile. The Kubu all agreed that this is what the great horned snake eventually becomes. In this form they called it a naga. They said it was larger than the common crocodile (or buaya, meaning rascal in Indonesian).

The Indo-Pacific crocodile does inhabit the region and, at its extreme may reach 10 meters. This is the record length for the reticulated python as well. It is interesting that the term naga is used for these creatures. You may recall my 2000 expedition to Thailand in search of the naga. In India and Indo China naga specifically refers to a giant crested snake, possibly an unknown species. In Indonesia naga means dragon and appears to be loosely used to describe any monster reptiles.

As far as I know, this belief that pythons become crocodiles is unique to the Kubu. Quite where such a queer fancy springs from I cannot think. No one seems to have studied the Kubu or their culture and folklore.

Nylam had also seen an orang-pendek in the area only three months ago. He had been up a tree at the time. The animal was 1.25 meters tall and covered with red tinted, black hair. It had a broad mouth. It walked upright and held its arms like a man. It made a 'WEEEEHP! WEEEEHP!' noise and looked about itself as if it could smell its observer. Nylam watched it for half an hour.

When questioned on the cigau the Kubu had all heard tell of such an animal but none had seen it. We thanked them and went on our way. Sadly, as time was pressing we could not venture into the jungle here. We stopped at the Black River to look for crocodiles but none were around. Even my emulation of the call of hatchling crocodiles (guaranteed to bring crocodiles towards you instinctively) drew a blank.

We ate again in the train-shaped restaurant. Next day we took the tedious journey back to Padang and spent the evening with pretty girls, drinking beer. We took several days of R&R in lovely Singapore and visited the excellent zoo and night safari before flying back home.

At the time of writing I am sending off the hair sample to Dr Lars Thomas at Copenhagen University. My conviction that orang-pendek exists has been strengthened more than ever, though I feel that the cigau may now be extinct or very, very rare. What of the horned snakes? Perhaps, alongside the reticulated python there could be a second undiscovered species. The horns would probably be modified scales, as in several small types of snake such as the horned viper and rhinoceros viper. Maybe the Sumatran snakes are related to the larger nagas of Thailand. Who knows? Sumatra has more questions than answers.

In 2005 I hope to return again. This time I will concentrate on the Kubu, their lowland jungle, and their strange folklore.

CRYPTOZOOLOGY AND LINGUISTICS

By Mark Newbrook

Introduction

There may not seem to be much connection between these two areas of scholarship. However, as a general (and skeptical) linguist who is also a critical cryptozoology enthusiast, I note that there are at least two areas where the two fields overlap.

Linguistic forms used in discussing cryptids

Much can be learned about the views taken by local communities on individual cryptids by examining the role these purported creatures play in folklore, world-views etc: see, eg Bayanov (1982), Colarusso (1983). An important aspect of this concerns the linguistic forms (and discourse patterns) used in discussing them. For instance, the names of cryptids may be classifiable in terms of gender-like systems which divide nouns into classes. Some languages distinguish in this way between nouns referring to humans, animals, specific groups of animals, spiritual beings (and groups thereof), natural phenomena, etc. Ways of marking such distinctions through linguistic form include: (a) lexically complex names where one stem indicates the class, parallel with English *man* (*postman* etc) or *-fish* (*catfish* etc); (b) affixes marking class, parallel with English *ess* ('female': natural gender) or affixes in languages like Italian marking grammatical gender, eg Italian *a* (feminine) vs *o* (masculine) as in *zia* 'aunt' vs

zio 'uncle'; (c) 'concord' between nouns on the one hand and verbs, adjectives etc on the other which is triggered by the class membership of the noun even where that is anomalously marked or not otherwise marked; (d) class-marked pronouns parallel with English *he/she* as opposed to *it*; (e) specific forms used in other circumstances to refer to other entities of known types; the extension of such a form to a cryptid suggests likening of the two entities although often this could possibly be 'metaphorical' (a good example of this in a cryptozoological context is the local-language occupational term translated as 'surveyor', reported by a source cited in Shackley (1983) as applied to an apparently near-human sasquatch-like entity in Siberia).

Linguistic evidence demonstrates, for instance, that the Hopi in whose language nouns referring to animals take a distinctive plural marking regard clouds as animals (or at least once regarded clouds as animals; their thought may have altered while this aspect of the grammar of Hopi has not, just as the Germans no longer think of the Sun as female and the Moon as male).

In the same way, one can examine terms used in languages which have such systems (and many do) for cryptids such as the sasquatch/bigfoot of North America, the duende and the sisimite of Belize, etc. Each of these might thereby be identified as being perceived as an animal (generally of a given type), a human (of an unusual type), a supernatural being, etc. It is notable, for instance, that several sasquatch-like cryptids are referred to by names such as Indonesian/Malay *orang* or Chinese *ren* ('person') + a specifying term (but on the other hand so is the *orang utan*, suggesting that scientists might re-classify some such cryptids if they were confirmed).

Similarly, there are English terms such as *owl-man* and the older *green-man*, *woodwose* etc,

containing *man* or older synonyms and again suggesting that these specific cryptids are at least near-human.

In more focused work, the etymology of the Maori animal-name *waitoreke* was analysed by Becker (1985) and Colarusso (1988), with the former suggesting that the name refers to a mythological creature and the latter that this is a real animal but a mammal rather than a reptile as is often imagined. Becker's work is well researched, but his linguistic conceptualisation and argumentation is at times strange (although the relevant specific conclusions might still be valid for other reasons). Colarusso's linguistics is more standard and authoritative, but given the absence of a specimen, photograph or detailed scientific description it is (naturally) still not altogether clear that he is correct. In the same vein, there has been considerable discussion Joyner (1984), Groves (1986) etc of the etymology of the words *yahoo* and *yowie*, used to refer to sasquatch-like cryptids in Australia.

For other examples of work of this kind, see Colarusso (1980), Fogelson (1980), Preston (1980), Suttles (1980), etc. However, so far even the better work of this kind has been carried out mainly by anthropologists with an interest in linguistics rather than by professional linguists.

Of course, traditional stories and other overt connotations can add to information of this kind. For instance, sasquatch reporters often stress the idea that the creature 'feels' human-like; there are also direct reports of cryptids using language, a trait normally considered to be confined to humans (see below). But the evidence of linguistic forms has the advantage of relating to largely unconscious ideas which may reflect general cultural notions more accurately than the claims or views of individuals. As noted, it may relate to belief systems now superseded; but these are still of

great interest as reflecting traditional thought (rather than modern beliefs possibly 'contaminated' by contact with other cultures, notably those of colonisers with non-local religious and scientific ideas).

At a more basic level, the very existence of local names for unidentified species maybe now extinct or at least rare is at least an indication of possible cryptids. Bauer & Russell (1987) proposed that another, otherwise mysterious Maori animal-name, *kawekaweau*, refers to the giant gecko *hoplodactylus delcourti*, which is known only from very few specimens. Walters (1996) presented a list of 60 Tahitian bird-names (and some derivatives), many of which appear (at least *prima facie*) to refer to species not recognised by zoologists. But of course it is often possible that some of the creatures referred to are only mythological/legendary or have been the subject of far-reaching folk-zoological re-analysis since their extinction.

In addition, linguistic attention can be turned upon terms used in the languages of contemporary scholarship for individual cryptids or for the whole sub-discipline (or its aspects). For instance, decisions on the names given to cryptids whether these be borrowed from locally relevant languages, coined in the language of scholarship (most often English) or coined as scientific names from Latin and/or Greek morphemes have linguistic and sociolinguistic implications, intended or not. Such implications may also vary for different users and readers.

One type of example involves the bestowing of a scientific name upon a cryptid. Whether or not this is officially sanctioned by the bodies empowered in this respect, the use of such a name adds an 'aura' of scientific respectability. Peter Scott's unauthorised *nessiteras rhombopteryx* sounds much more 'recognised' and zoologically respectable than *Loch Ness*

Monster (even though *teras* is the Greek for 'monster'; after all, most readers would not know that). On the other hand, the use of a name such as *mokele-mbembe* taken from a local language (even if sometimes in an Anglicised form) suggests that the cryptid is recognised as a genuine animal by the relevant communities, not only by 'eccentric westerners'; this again adds a degree of conviction.

On a broader front, there has been much debate in cryptozoological circles about the term *cryptozoology* itself. Heuvelmans (1982) prompted an intense discussion on this theme, in which philosophy of science issues became salient, as well as issues concerning the nature and development of folklore more generally.

2) Claims of (pre-/quasi-)linguistic behaviour in cryptids

Some reports suggest that some cryptids usually, for obvious reasons, human-like ones themselves manifest linguistic or near-linguistic behaviour. The issues which arise here must be considered in the context of the large and complex debate about non-human animals' communication systems and linguistic abilities/potential (including assessment of the results of attempts to teach elements of human language to animals). This larger debate also involves some rather un-human-like animals such as grey parrots, dolphins and baleen whales.

Among the relevant reports are some (not among the most scholarly) that attribute telepathic and associated linguistic powers to sasquatches, eg Woods (1997). But there are also more sober reports of what could be pre-linguistic behaviour involving these cryptids, eg Greenwell et al. (1998), Guenette & Guenette (1975), Kirlin & Hertel (1980). Shackley (1983). Shackley also summarises reports of apparently pre-linguistic behaviour

and/or attempts at communication with humans in rudimentary human language among the alleged humanoid *Almas* of the Caucasus and Mongolia (but not among Himalayan yeti or the Chinese *veren*). In Belizean folklore, the *duende* unlike the *sisimite* is explicitly described as able to speak; see Sanborne (1992). So far, however, there is no data on any of these cases which might be suitable for analysis.

3) Other issues

There are also some other linguistic issues which intrude more peripherally into cryptozoology, eg the non-standard and rather mystical notion of 'lexi-linking' invoked by 'Doc' Shiels (1990, etc).

All in all, there seems to be more scope for interdisciplinary work of this kind than might have been expected!

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COMING SOON FROM CFZ PRESS

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J'accuse

By Paul Vella

The Making of Bigfoot by Greg Long
Prometheus Press

This isn't so much a book review, as a short history of this book, so please bear with me.

FORTEAN TIMES UNCONVENTION 2003

Those of us who attended the Fortean Times UnConvention in 2003 will remember seeing Kal K. Korff announce the publication of this book. You will recall that he was supposed to actually give us a lecture on the content of the book, but instead advertised it.

He did have a few things to say about the book, and these are important, so I shall list them:

1. "we" (i.e. Korff & Long) "have *deposed* dozens of witnesses".
2. "the bottom line is that Patterson knew he was dying and wanted to leave something for his wife".
3. "Patterson was planning on building a Bigfoot theme park".
4. "the reason the man in the suit walks that way is because he had been in a car accident".

It is a good job Korff did not give us a lecture on Greg Long's book, since he obviously hadn't read it properly for the record, here is my response to Korff's UnCon statements.

1. Greg Long interviewed a number of people in person and over the phone

- not one of them has been deposed, and none were interviewed by Kal Korff.
2. Patterson had been in remission for some time, and according to his friend Al Hodgeson who I spoke to in September 2003, had no reason to believe he was going to die.
3. Korff is confused. The book refers to a 'Ghost Town' (if it hadn't been for those pesky kids!) built on the outskirts of Yakima. Patterson knew the owner, and used an office there for some time.
4. The suit man's car accident occurred one year *after* the Patterson-Gimlin Film..

KAL K. KORFF

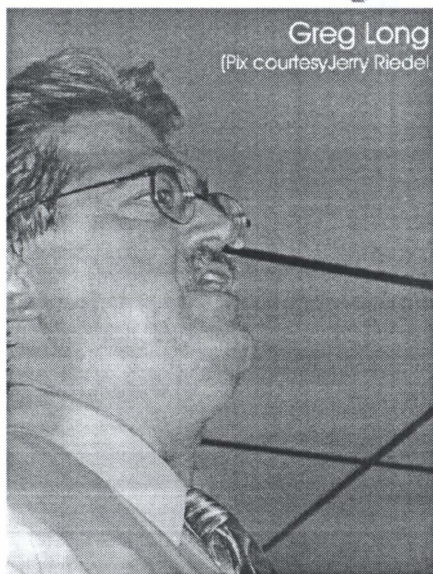
It would be nice to ignore Kal Korff's influence on this project, but it isn't that simple, and I shall explain later.

Prior to the 1st March radio show, and my receipt of the book, I had the dubious pleasure of exchanging some words with Kal Korff on an Internet Forum.

Korff told me that he and Greg Long were co-operating with the Police in respect of charges to be brought against Bob Gimlin for 'Consumer Fraud', (I kid you not !). It is a pity that a) American Police don't deal with Consumer Fraud. The US attorney's office does, and b) Greg Long knew nothing about it !

Korff went on to say that they would re-create the PGF, and put the man back in the 'original' suit, and make Bob Gimlin watch it and confess! It turns out that this was a lie too, since they do not have the original suit.

It didn't take long before Korff started insulting People, he went off to do the radio show, and didn't come back.



Greg Long

(Pix courtesy Jerry Riedel)

film and remarked on how similar the walk was. Romney of course denied it, and so he should have. It turns out that Patterson's first contact with ANE was in late 1968/ early 1969

Korff, sat in our TV screens and told us categorically that there was a zipper running up the back of the suit. It must be a zipper he says. Because: "*no primate has a hairline running up its back*" - Clearly he has never been to a zoo !

Incidentally, Korff & Kiviat managed to get permission from Patricia Patterson to use the footage by sending her a contract with the title of the show as 'Worlds Greatest' only after she signed, did they reveal the real name of the TV show! This is important, since Long's book makes a big deal about honesty.

RADIO SHOW

I had been waiting for my review copy of this book for some time, when in the early hours of 2nd March 2004 I fired up my PC in order to listen to a radio broadcast from The States where Kal Korff, Greg Long, Bob Kiviat and the mystery suit man were being interviewed.

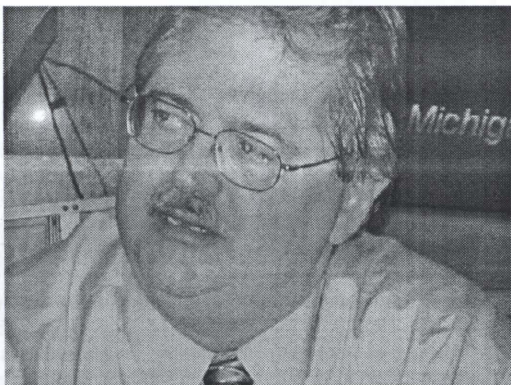
The mystery suit man turned out to be a guy called Bob Heironimus. He would have been

BOB KIVIAT

Some background information here would be useful. Kal Korff, and TV producer Bob Kiviat are the pair responsible for the 1998 FOX TV special '*World's Greatest Hoaxes: Secrets Finally Revealed*'. This was a dreadful show which 'exposed' a number of hoaxes, including the BBC's infamous (and laughable) rubber dinosaur April Fool's joke!

Amongst the revelations was that the Patterson-Gimlin Film (PGF from here on) was a hoax.

We were told by Korff & Kiviat in 1998 that in 1967, Patterson was "on the payroll" of a Salt Lake City film company called ANE. An ANE employee called Jerry Romney was named by Korff & Kiviat as 'the man in the suit'. They even 'analysed' the



around 26 in 1967, has a glass eye, is 6'4" tall and lives in Yakima, Washington.

The radio show went on, and on, and on the highlights of which were:

1 Kal Korff telling us that 'Yeti' was a Czech word (he lives in Prague), which is odd, because everyone else knows that it is Tibetan in origin.

1 Korff telling us that the PGF was all set up by the Mormons as a religious conspiracy (really, where does he get this from?)

1 Bob Heironimus' first interview he told us that he drove to the film site in his mother's car (a 14 hour drive). They checked up and down the road before he was helped to put on the suit, which was in *three* pieces (more on this later), before Patterson told him how to 'do the walk'. They filmed it in one take, he says.

This is actually hard to believe in the first Place. I visited the film site in 2003 there is a small dirt road that drops down to Bluff Creek and ends there. You could not 'look up and down the road'. Even if you did, the film site is a good walk from the road, and is not overlooked - not now, not in 1967.

It is interesting to note that whilst Bob Heironimus simply says that he is "*telling the truth*", and "*has nothing to gain*"; in 1999, he engaged the services of Washington lawyer Barry Woodward. Woodward put out a press release saying that the 'mystery Yakima resident' was willing to sell his story to the highest bidder.

Rumours that Woodward and Heironimus sat around as early as 1998 drinking and discussing selling a 'man in a suit' story to a tabloid have since surfaced, but that is only the word of someone who happened to be in the

same room as them still, if hearsay evidence is good enough for Greg Long.....

THE BOOK

A few days later my copy of the book arrived a nice heavy book, all 476 pages with a picture of the famous 'frame 352' on the cover.

Prometheus Press is owned by the same group that publishes 'Skeptical Enquirer'. Kal Korff was employed as Greg Long's publicist, and I'm guessing that it was Prometheus that put the two of them together, since whilst Korff insists he is not a 'Skeptic' or a 'Debunker', he *is* actually both, and has written for the Skeptical Enquirer.

The first problem with this book is simply that there does not seem to have been any editing whatsoever. A capable editor could have easily shaved about 150 pages from this 'thesis' - much of it is waffle.

80% of the book is made up of heavily edited interviews with people, many of which have clearly been led by Long. It is clear that Long started this book with an agenda; one of character assassination. He started the book with two things clearly in his mind: 1) The film was a hoax, and 2) Roger Patterson was a bad man who didn't pay his debts.

Burdened with those limitations, Long did a very thorough investigation, but the limitations were fatal. In the valley west of Yakima where Patterson lived, he found a lot of people to tell him what he wanted to hear. There was even a man who had been claiming for years that he wore the suit in the film, but Long didn't consider it necessary to familiarise himself with that *other* valley in California where the film was shot. As a result he was blind to the fact that Bob Heironimus, the man who claimed to have driven there to act the part in the film, obviously had never been there either!

The journey from Willow Creek to the Bluff Creek film site, is a long, slow and completely unforgettable journey. In 2003 when I made the trip, it took almost three hours to get to Louse Camp, and a further hour to get to the film site not the 5 or 10 miles that Heironimus says it was.

Jon Downes tells me I should try and keep articles to under 3,000 words, so, since we have a lot of ground to cover I am going to simply point out some of the problems and inconsistencies with the book.

THE SUIT MAKER VS. THE SUIT WEARER

Philip Morris, the owner of Morris Costumes claims in the book that Patterson bought a standard, brown gorilla costume from him for \$435 by money order, but later in interviews says that Patterson never paid him. He never met Patterson.

Morris claims he recognised the suit as soon as he saw it on TV, and yet admits that he doesn't make a suit with breasts (as the PGF creature clearly has)

It must be said that Morris has a habit of gaining publicity for his business. A few years ago he sued the makers of the Austin Powers movies for using 'his' character 'Dr. Evil' without permission. The law suit failed of course, but he did gain the required publicity.

Bob Heironimus says that the suit was made from horseshide. He is a rodeo rider, so should recognise horseshide when he sees it. "*Roger skinned a dead red horse*" he says "*it stunk!*" Yet Morris says that the suit was made from a synthetic material called Dynol.

Heironimus is adamant that the suit was made in three parts: head, torso and legs. Morris is adamant that the suit was made in six parts.

Morris says that Patterson had asked him how to make the arms look longer, so he was told to use gloves on sticks inside the arms - Heironimus says that he wore the gloves himself!

Heironimus says that the top half of the suit was put on over his head like a T-Shirt. Morris says that his suit is mostly in one piece, and that you step into it with a 3ft zipper on the back.

Morris says that the mask on the hood was not his, and must have been made by Patterson, but says it is a tight fit, and that the nose on the mask must have been Heironimus' nose with the latex actually stuck to the face of the wearer - Heironimus says that the whole head was made from a football helmet and that his eyes were set back. Patterson he says stuck one of Heironimus' spare prosthetic eyes on the front of the mask.

GREG LONG EXAMINES THE PATTERSON GIMLIN FILM!

I cannot begin to explain how poor Greg Long's examination of the film was. He used a poor fourth generation VHS copy to watch it, and made huge assumptions. I have a high quality digitally restored version, where you can actually see muscles moving under the fur, and I still can't see the latex feet that Greg Long says he can see!

In the book, he remarks that the arch on the right foot is on the wrong side (frame 323), which proves it is fake. The trouble is, that he is actually looking at the *left* foot! - It really is laughable.

Having interviewed Morris, Long makes the remark that Heironimus was obviously wrong about the suit "*but that's okay*" he says. "*Bob was a hero in my eyes*" - No Greg, it isn't okay, and yes, it is pretty obvious that

Heironimus is a hero to you. You wouldn't have a book without him.

Bob Heironimus says that he is an honest sober man, and didn't tell anyone, and yet many people that Long interviews tells us that Heironimus got drunk and told everyone that he had been the man in the suit. Patterson had promised to pay him \$1,000, but he never got his money. I am amazed that it took him nearly 40 years to look for his money!

One of Long's key witnesses named Heironimus as the suit man, but couldn't even point him out in a photo that the witness himself was in ! There are so many problems and inconsistencies with this story I simply don't have space to detail them all here.

FILM DEVELOPMENT

Greg Long quite rightly points to the problems of the film development, but this finds further faults with his story.

The traditional story is that Patterson & Gimlin shot the film at about 1:30pm on Friday 20th October 1967. They drove into Willow Creek that afternoon and spoke to Al Hodgeson, an enthusiast and hardware store owner. Patterson then drove to Eureka (about 45 minutes away), and airmailed the film to his brother-in-law in Yakima.

On Sunday 22nd October 1967, Patterson, his brother-in-law, John Green and Rene Dahinden sat in Patterson's brother-in-law's basement and watched the developed film. Long claims that no-one would have been able to get Kodachrome II film developed on a weekend in Seattle. All the shops would normally send that film to California for development.

I spoke with long-time researcher Chris Murphy on this subject. He spoke to Kodak in New York who told him the complete opposite that there was at least one outfit in Seattle that would have been able to develop the film onsite. The problem is however that Heironimus claims that it was he that was sent to Eureka to airmail the film. If this was the case, then he should have remembered the town of Willow Creek well, and how far it is from the film site.

GREG LONG TALKS !

I am going to leave the last word to Greg Long himself. On an Internet forum, a number of people, including myself asked Greg a number of questions about elements in his book, including what I would regard as the bloody great big holes in Greg Long's evidence.

Anyway, Greg Long himself decided the questions were too difficult for him, and spent some time hunting around the Internet for a more accepting audience before posting the following on April 9th 2004:

DEAR NITPICKERS:

It's interesting that 99.999999999% of the commentators on this list spend 100% of their time nitpicking over my book, The Making of Bigfoot, and ZERO PERCENT of their time disproving all aspects of the book.

For example, what does commenting on when the book was officially published have to do with you getting off your expansive or bony rear-ends and proving that Patterson was an honest man?

What does the smiley faces and the "pat, pats"

on the back have to do with disproving that Morris sold a gorilla suit to Patterson? A mutual vanity society, could you be? Male apes beating your huge breasts to demonstrate your power and authority over nothing but your own fantasies and onanistic spewings that you leave on your keyboards?

What does your whining and complaining about the book being bought by the American public have to do with you disproving Harvey Anderson's story?

Why the incessant picking and scraping at your own scabs? Why the talk about the fact that an author makes money from selling a book? I mean, are you so incredibly stupid as to think that any commercial author isn't interested in making some money? I mean, are you so high and mighty to think that writers should remain impoverished slobs like yourselves? The entire notion that, because I am selling a book, I'm a fraud is not only abysmally dumb, but idiotic, vacuous, and moronic. It is the height of self-righteousness and arrogance. Why not slam Loren Coleman? He's writing books for money. John Green has just repackaged his books and is selling them on Amazon.com. Aren't they frauds, then? They must be liars, eh? As are any other Bigfoot "community" authors who write books, eh, fool?

The fact is you are lazy, thick-skulled and incapable of whole thoughts or analysis of arguments and facts, are you not? I welcome your disproving all the witnesses in my book, every one of them. Perhaps with a bit more exposure to reading, thinking, contemplation, and less time pumping your own shrieking, pounding, cacophonous wretchings into your ears, you might manage to construct an idea, and one based upon the evidence, as presented, but more importantly upon knowledge of

human nature and the motives of con artists and unemployed bums who scheme and steal and leave society to deal with their messes? Or do you not mind a liar in your midst? Maybe you have a yearning to cheat and steal? Maybe the glorification of criminality in our society appeals to your manhood, since no decent female would ever waste their time listening to a bellowing, spitting, and hitching group of nabobs such as yourselves? But perhaps you are drunk 90% of the time? Maybe you're doped up half the time??? Your vocabulary seems to suggest that it is composed of the words "liar," "lie," "fraud," "money," "debunker," "hearsay evidence," "allegation," "yarn," "stupidity," "rubbish," "crap," "bullshit," and so forth. I'm not even certain if you can read. Maybe you pick out every seventh or twentieth letter; maybe you grow bored after reading a sentence and then turn to a bong? What could it be? What disease? Genetic? Self-induced? Too much sun? Arrested development? Or maybe just a state of continual stupor and inner anxiety, fear, anger, and hatred of the world of science, of even civilization? Perhaps you might be happier living deep in the forest away from the thinking world, where there you can mate with each other?

Maybe in the end, it's a simple matter that The Making of Bigfoot is the truth, something you loathe and despise in a time of advancing social decay? Who knows? You seem endlessly attracted to coughing and hacking out sputum and rambling, incoherent babblings that lead nowhere, but to your own self-praise? You don't get it. You just don't get it.

Because you hate anything that is expressed in words, then when Bob Heironimus gets inside, fully clothed, in a Morris suit that has been modified as Patterson modified it, and he

walks just like the "bigfoot" in the Patterson film, then that single image will burn its truthfulness and integrity deep within your brains. Eh? That is the only objective test that will satisfy a visusally oriented pack of... of...what do you call yourselves... but that image will roar in thunder and then doubting Thomases, the Patterson film will turn brown at the edges and the flames shall eat it alive until falls, black powder, into Bluff Creek.

Greg Long
The Making of Bigfoot

What a nice man !

In short, this book is trash don't buy it ! - if you really, really want a copy, then email me, and I'll either lend you my copy, or put you in touch with someone else who will lend you a copy, but whatever you do, do not give this nasty man any of your hard earned money.

This story is not complete expect an update from me before the end of the year.

Paul Vella
paul@vella.co.uk

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The views in this article are those of Paul Vella and not necessarily those of the publishers of this magazine or the Centre for Fortean Zoology. It goes without saying that if Kal Korff, Greg Long, or anyone else from 'The Making of Bigfoot' camp wish to contact me, I will grant them a right of reply either in these pages or live at the Weird Weekend. I wouldn't hold my breath though...

weird weekend 2004

The fifth CFZ Weird Weekend was a roaring success. However, the first four conferences were written up in this magazine in a more-or-less conventional style. This year, we decided to allow CFZ Deputy Director Graham Inglis to roam about with a camera and keep his own ongoing diary of what happened....

Thursday 19th August

Thursday saw an eve-of-conference cocktail party at the CFZ - it makes a strange change from the more usual lager drinking and loud rock music to be found there several nights a week. Eventually I got a lift home, and played Doom II.

Speakers are dropping out of the schedule like flies. The most notable so far being Nick Redfern (passport complications). Now, *there's* a conspiracy/security theory in the making. However, rumors that the complications were caused by light reflecting off his head in the passport photo are totally unfounded.

Friday 20th August

Friday is an odd day. The conference starts in the evening, and so many people don't turn up until the Saturday, an all-day day...

I took a taxi to the CFZ and then acted as a taxi driver myself most of the afternoon, collecting

Darren Naish and Ronan Coghlan grin inanely



people from the railway station in between playing Empire Risk on the PC, while Jon Downes fielded various last-minute phone calls.

7pm at the venue - the Cowick Barton public house - and I'd tested the video gear, and watched the PowerPoint tests, and soon it was time for the first speaker.

Richard Ingram talked about the Drake Equation, a subject I particularly like. How many intelligent communicative ciivilizations are there out there? The glib answer seems to be, as many as you want there to be!

Gary Cunningham, a crypto researcher flown in from Northern Ireland, spoke about the semi-folkloric Master Otter. Unfortunately I missed much of this one.

Matthew Williams, last on the day's bill, gave a fascinating talk about Rudloe Manor and how he and some fellow-researchers penetrated several parts of this mysterious military facility.

I stayed sober tonight, as I was videoing the talks and then driving a bunch of people back in Jon's car!

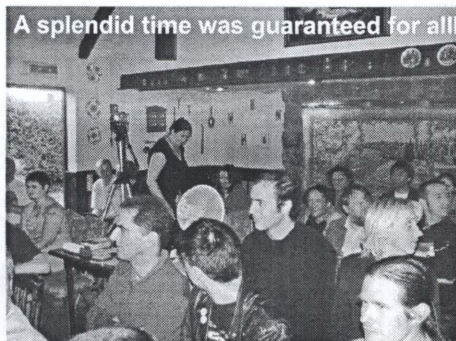
Saturday 21st August

Where, other than the *Weird Weekend*, can you see a magistrate, a drug fiend, an astrophysicist, a fossils expert, a gothic historian, and a man wearing bright yellow socks all socializing together?

Talks today were by **Darren Naish** (aquatic cryptids), **Merrily Harpur** (big cats), **Ronan Coghlan** (British bigfoot), **Gail Nina-Anderson** (monsters in art), **Patrick Harpur** (the little people), **Scott Wood** (vampires) and **Richard Freeman** (hunting apemen in Sumatra).

There was also a puppet smelling of fish. Every year, the *Weird Weekend* gets better attended and more technically proficient. This year, we're videoing it on digital video and (as I said) we had PowerPoint instead of an overhead projector. But we can still be quirky. The people speaking were lit only by a bar table-lamp lying on its side, on a chair in front of them! This is a video operator's nightmare: any bright pic on the display turns the speaker into a silhouette. Go to manual ops and compensate, and the backdrop is an over-exposed glaring wash of white. Oh well.

And the new fashion of having camcorders



A splendid time was guaranteed for all!

bottom-load the tapes means you have to unscrew the tripod shoe in order to change tapes. Eek!

Sunday 22nd August

Sunday was (so far as the punters are concerned) doors open 12 noon. I woke up in a deeply confused state at 1020 and phoned Jon

generally rabble-rouse in the CFZ fund-raising cause.

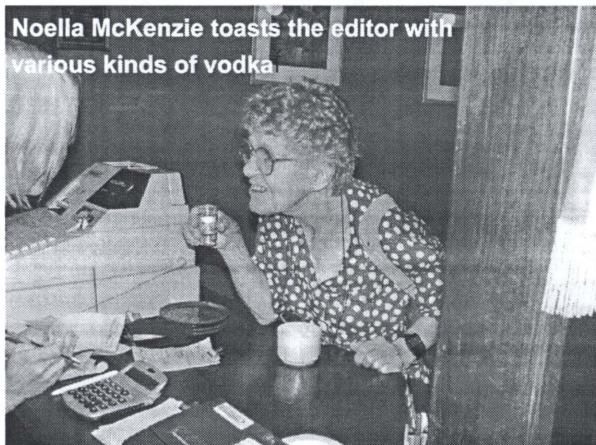
The sound engineer, **Dave Curtis**, then closed the proceedings (and startled the assembled people) with a rendition of Elvis Presley's "*Wonder of You*" and then we shoved off to a Russian restaurant for the evening meal.

Sometime during the meal, the visuals man, Matthew, had his car broken into (because there was lots of electrical gear in view, ooops) and had some stuff stolen, but we'll survive.

Incidentally, there weren't 60 types of vodka available at the Russian Restaurant where we celebrated not only another succesful *Weird Weekend*, but also Jon's 45th birthday, only 28. So perhaps that's why I'm still compos mentis at 1.30 in the morning as I write this.

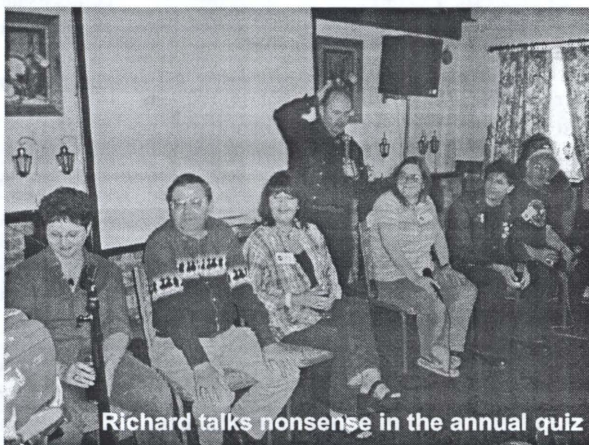
See you all next year.

Noella McKenzie toasts the editor with various kinds of vodka

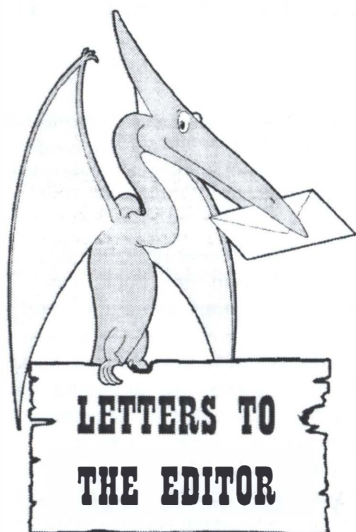


saying I'd be late. As it turned out, I was late arriving at Jon's, we were all late arriving at the venue, and the talks all started late and ran overtime anyway...

Chris Moiser kicked off, talking about British racoons, and by the time he'd finished fielding questions from the audience, we were already deep into injury time. **Darren Naish** discussed mystery whales, and then the raffle ticket prizes were distributed before **Jon** and **Richard** to sum up the year and



Richard talks nonsense in the annual quiz



The Editor and his band of merry men welcome an exchange of correspondence on any subject of interest to readers of this magazine. We reserve the right to edit letters and would like to stress that opinions voiced are those of the individual correspondent rather than being necessarily those of the editorial team or the Centre for Fortean Zoology. Every attempt is made not to infringe anyone's moral rights or copyright, and we apologise if we have unwittingly done so.

THE MEDIUM WAS TEDIUM

Dear Jon,

Its those raccoons again

Further to my article in the last edition of *Animals and Men* "Do we have a population of Raccoons in Great Britain" by Chris Moiser (A& M No. 33, Spring 2004) even more data has come to light that may be of interest to

A & M readers.

1. *The Times* - December 13 1810 -
"Sunday last, a wolf and a racoon (sic) belonging to an itinerant showman of the name of Perkins, who was on his way from Stamford to Leicester, broke out of his caravan at Empingham, in Rutlandshire, where he had put up for the night ... The racoon has not yet been heard of, but the wold has been seen in Burley Woods; all endeavours to take him have as yet been ineffectual. Several sheep have been missing since the escape of these voracious animals."

2. *The Times* February 1 1812 reports that
"A fine raccoon was last week taken in the Woods at Lord Grosvenor's seat at Eaton..... It is supposed that this native of the forests had made its escape from the menagerie of some travelling showman". This particular Eaton (there are several in the UK) is at Eccleston Gate near Chester.

3. *The Times* August 22 1844
IMPORTATION OF RACOONS
ILFRACOMBE A farmer in the parish of Ilfracombe having set a vermin trap in one of his fields was surprised one morning last week to find in it a racoon, which, as it was merely caught by its claw, he was able to secure and preserve. Another of the same species was lately taken at Lynton, and a third has been traced near Ilfracombe. They are supposed to have found their way to this country in some of the timber vessels which have lately arrived from America the two near Ilfracombe were probably from the vessel wrecked at Wollacombe." This is credited to the North Devon Advertiser which is jolly interesting as that paper wasn't published until 1855! In fact I found the same report in the North Devon Journal for Thursday 15th August 1844 but

sadly reading the 2 editions either side of that date failed to give any more information.

A wreck search found that the brig Frances or Frances went down about six miles to the west of the coastguard station at Ilfracombe on Tuesday night (in the *Times* of April 16, 1844). The brig had come from Balize in the bay of Honduras (what is now Belize) with a cargo of Mahogany and dyewood. The ship was described as "*so embedded among the rocks that in all probability ere long she will go to pieces*".

All hands were saved. This would suggest that any racoons that got ashore were at large for 4 months or so before capture.

Further details of the ship have been hard to find.

It is of course not impossible that the raccoon in item 1 above could have become the animal in item 2: the distance between the incidents is about 90 miles, and the occurrences are 13 months apart.

I would consider this unlikely though as they are usually considered not to travel great distances. However in *Walkers Mammals of the World* (1983) one individual is said to have travelled 266 kilometres.

If anybody has any further details of raccoons in the UK I would be fascinated to receive them, care of *Animals and Men*.

With best wishes,

Chris. M. Moiser.
Plymouth

DON'T BACK THE FRONT

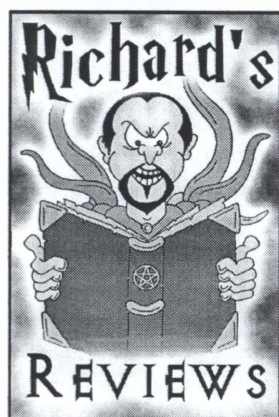
Dear Ed.,

Re.The Starchild Enigma and your questioning of 'Pye in the Sky theory'. and Richard's reference to South American legends. Herewith my humble contribution.

Many moons ago in your pre-celeb days. I came upon a photo in some book I can't remember, of a mummy found in Central America. It was in a niche in a sandstone cavern and was sitting frontal foetal: i.e knees up under the shin and arms around the shins. The height was estimated at one metre but the striking feature was the head which can only be described as homo-simian. Unlike 'Pedro'. from Wyoming in the 1930s. it had detailed features and a somewhat resigned expression. There were no details of its provenance or fate, but I know that it predated 'Pedro'. possibly pre-1920s. Unlike the latter there is no record of x-rays etc, and it seems to have done 'an iceman', and vanished (possibly for the same reason... Exposure. The image has stayed with me for twenty years and its now doing my head in trying to trace it.

Meanwhile, north of the border, oh the memories. Yet another albino lobster has been relocated to a Sea Life Centre. They all must have breeding pairs by now, and ten Burmese Brown tortoises died of dehydration at the now defunct Glasgow Zoo. It was a relatively succesful breeding colony, now reduced to four. The zoo has recently gone bust. Most of the animals have been found homes, apart from two black bears. How big is the backyard at No. 15?

Tom Anderson, Aberdeen



"A Life on Air" by
David
Attenborough
(BBC Books)
ISBN:
0563487801

In zoology as in life in general some men are veritable giants. Neither Richard or I will ever achieve more

than a modicum of zoological immortality for our lifetime spent toiling in the cryptozoological vineyard and no matter what we achieve in the rest of our careers it will pale into insignificance when compared with men like Gerald Durrell and David Attenborough. Sadly, Durrell died with only a quarter of his autobiography finished, but "Dave" (as he is affectionately known to generations of zoologists), has produced his and it is a stonker. Of particular interest to those of us of a herpetological bent are his accounts of making films of Komodo Dragons in the 1950s and some of his descriptions of the technical problems that he encountered while making the groundbreaking *Life on Earth* series was it really nearly thirty years ago now?

This is a marvellous book and kept us both gripped from the beginning to the end. It is delightfully self-effacing in its modesty, and it is impossible to find fault with it. Well done Dave. JD

*The Great New England Sea Serpent:
An Account of Unknown Creatures*

*Sighted by Many Respectable Persons
Between 1638 and the Present Day.*
J. P. O'Neill (Paraview Special
Editions) ISBN 1-931044-67-8

Some of the greatest mass sightings of a cryptid occurred in the early part of the 19th century off the coast of New England on the east coast of the USA. Whole towns crowded along the shoreline to observe serpentine beasts at close quarters. Marine biologist and author Richard Ellis said of the case... *"One of the great mysteries of sea serpent lore... The Gloucester monster simply cannot be encompassed by any rational explanation."*

The beasts ranged from 40 to over 100 feet long and moved with a bizarre vertical undulation, throwing its body into multiple loops. Quite unlike any other animal living or extinct.

Other authors have written on these sightings but what make JP O'Neill's book so absorbing is the detail. She has really worked hard and uncovered reports that have not seen the light of day in well over a century. Having mined archives, libraries, and historical societies she has uncovered zoological treasures, forgotten reports that can give us zoological clues to the nature of the creature.

The sightings gradually decreased in the latter half of the 19th century and the trend kept going. By the early 60s they had all but petered out. Human influence due to overfishing, pollution, and disturbance from increased shipping a spate of sightings in the late 1990s keeps the hope alive that the Gloucester sea serpent has escaped extinction. On the western coast of America, Caddy - a strikingly

similar monster, still seems hearty and hale. An unmissable book and quite simply the best ever written on the subject.

The Dictionary of Cryptozoology by Ronan Coghlan, (Xiphos Books)
ISBN 0-9544-936-1-3

The recent two volume magnum opus *Mysterious Creatures* by George M Eberhart is widely regarded as the ultimate guide to cryptozoology. It is a titan of a book running to over 700 pages. It also has a titanic price tag knocking the £200 mark.

Ronan's book is far easier on the pocket and is written with a much greater sense of humour. It is still a highly scholarly tome however and simply crammed full of new and fascinating information. It is also another self published book. With our bookstores awash with new age drivel about flying saucers, healing crystals, and guardian angels, it really makes you puke when great books languish in obscurity. Here are just a few examples.

FRESHWATER SEA-COW A creature reminiscent of a manatee reported from freshwater lakes in Chad and Ethiopia.

TEYU-YAGUE A giant man-eating lizard of Argentinian folklore.

HSIAO A creature with the face of a man, the body of an ape, a dog's tail and owl's wings. From Chinese folklore.

NAHUELITO A lacustrine monster with fins, humps and a long neck reported from Lake Nahual Huapi in Argentina. Tracks indicate it has at times come ashore. It is said to be 33/10m long. Indian tradition knew of a

monster in the lake. There were notable sightings in 1989 and 1994. Running to 223 pages and with hundreds of entries, this is a fantastic book.

"Cryptozoology: Science and Speculation" by Chad Arment (ISBN 1-930585-15-2)

Chad Arment is one of the founding fathers of Internet Cryptozoology and is best known for having moderated the online cryptozoology newsgroup cz@yahoogroups.com since 1987. He has also edited an online journal 'The North American Bio-Fortean Review' for many years and is an extremely knowledgeable and well respected researcher. This, his first book, is an extremely authoritative textbook of cryptozoological theory and practice. However, it is the second half of the book which is of particular interest which eschews the better known cryptids in favour of case studies of some which are so poorly known that in some cases we had never heard of them.

* Dwarf seals. The smallest known seal is the Baikal seal which is only about four feet in length, but in one particularly interesting chapter Chad tells the story of some intriguing reports which suggest that there are species of tiny seal awaiting discovery. The Copper Eskimos on Victoria Island apparently have a long tradition of such creatures which are "so small that they can be carried in a game bag". He also unearths Victorian accounts from the Hebrides of something called the Bodach described as being much smaller than either British species, with the fully grown adults being no smaller than the pups of the better known species.

* Giant Snakes larger than anything that.

Should be living in North America have been reported long before the exotic pet-trade existed. Chad thinks that these may be a giant form of the gopher or bull snake (*Pituophis* sp).

This is an excellent book, if slightly dryly written, and we have no hesitation in recommending it.

"The Man Eating Crocodiles of Borneo" by James Ritchie with Johnson Jong (ISBN 983-812-064-2)

The great white shark is often described as the most fearsome predator of the oceans. This is quite simply not true. The saltwater crocodile whose range covers much of the eastern Pacific Ocean is a fearsome animal which kills more people each year than any other predator except the Nile crocodile and man. This book is completely true and it makes novels like *Jaws* seem like something by Enid Blyton.

Herein are accounts of the most horrific massacres of human life, mostly by one crocodile a particularly ferocious adult male called Bujang Senang who lived along the Lupar River in Sarawak, and over a terrifying thirty years created so much havoc and killed so many people that the locals considered him to be a supernatural creature impervious to bullets. When he was finally caught he was a mere 19 feet 3 inches long, but some people claim that the animal which was caught wasn't Bujang Senang at all and that another even larger crocodile some 35 feet long haunted the coastline and the estuaries.

This is a stonker of a book and we strongly recommend that everyone should buy a copy!

"The Monster of God, The Man Eating Predator in the Jungles of History and the Mind" by David Quammen Hutchinson ISBN 0-09-179957-0

The monster of the title is none other than Leviathan, the biblical dragon from the book of Job. Leviathan was created to put fear into mankind and show god's power. Leviathan was unkillable. An excellent and ironic choice of title as Quammen predicts that the world's great predators will be extinct in the wild within 150 years. Quammen's travels around the world & visits communities that live with some of the most formidable flesh-eater on the globe. The Asian lion in India, The Siberian tiger, the brown bear in Romania, and, most deadly of all, the Indo-Pacific crocodile in India and Northern Australia.

Quammen calls this the "muskrat conundrum", after work done in the 1950s on muskrat predation by mink. It was found that the mink preyed almost exclusively on muskrats that were marginalized. Those with no burrow, those that existed on the outskirts of the population, and those in transition. This is what he has found in human / predator interaction; the poor, and the dispossessed are those who fall victim. In the state of Orissa at the Bhitarkanika national park, crocodiles are totally protected and grow to vast sizes. Local people fear them and are sometimes eaten. A reversal is found in Arnhem land, Northern Territory, Australia. The crocodile is worshipped as an ancestor spirit but it is hunted. The hunting is carefully regulated so that the juveniles and the adult breeders are left alone. Here too crocodiles reach huge sizes and occasionally eat humans.

Wonderfully written, *The Monster of God*, is a sentimentality free examination of the shrinking frontiers of wilderness, the people, and the magnificent animals that inhabit them.

Zoo: A History of Zoological Gardens in the west Eric Baratay and Elisabeth Hardouin-Fugie (Reaktion Books)
ISBN 1 86189 208 X £19.95

The first zoological collections may have been in ancient Sumeria and Babylonia. Other ancient collections have been recorded in China 4000 years ago. The west really lagged behind. One cannot count the collections amassed for the gladiatorial arenas in Imperial Rome as zoological collections in the true sense. This book charts the west's growing interest in natural history from 1500 onwards. It looks at the recording of animals in art (showing some exquisite and seldom seen paintings) and stuffed collections in cabinets of curiosity and later in museums. The travelling menageries of Europe in the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries are covered as are the strange animal auctions held by animal dealers up until the early 20th century.

All the great zoos of the west and their histories are covered. London, Rotterdam, Basel and so on was well as more poorly known collections such as Rome zoo. The great animal collectors such as the Hagenbecks also feature. The photography is stunning and provides a peerless historic account. One remarkable shot features "Mamlyuk" a bull Asian elephant at Moscow zoo who has the most fantastically long tusks. There are a few errors. Crocodiles are labeled alligators a couple of times and a whale skeleton at Barcelona zoo is called a dinosaur skeleton. These may have arose as mistranslations from the original German text.

An excellent read.

An exclusive offer for readers of this magazine: if you want to buy the magazine by post instead of at a bookshop, you can save £2 of the publisher's price by writing to Reaktion Books, 79 Farrindon Rd., London EC1M 3JU. (Post and Packing will be an extra £3.50). Tell them that we sent you.

Alien Zoo - The A-Z of Zooform Phenomena by Neil Arnold

The third of Neil's privately published and highly readable works on the weirder end of cryptozoology. The A-Z provides an interesting companion to Ronan Coghlan's book (see above). Herein Neil gives us a rundown on supernatural entities, some of which I have never heard of. He also gives each entry a rating on how believable it is. These run from pure media/student creations to well-attested, long-running phenomena such as black dogs. Neil is a law unto himself as a writer, with no-one quite like him. It is a shame that his books are not more widely available, as they are fine reference tools as well as great records of folklore and phenomena.

The A-Z includes:

- ☠ **Tin-tin;** No, not the Belgian boy detective, but a bat-demon from Ecuador.
- ☠ **Isitwalangencege** (try saying that when you're pissed); a Zulu Hyena spirit that eats human brains.
- ☠ **The Damascus apartments hound;** A phantom dog from Syria.

The book costs £7 and is available from:

8 Gorse Avenue, Weedswood Estate, Chatham, Kent. Me5 0UQ

MAGAZINE LISTINGS

We welcome an exchange with publications who cover similar interest areas to our own. Please write to the individual publications for details of subscription rates etc.

Texas Bigfoot Research Center
P. O. Box 191711,
Dallas,
TX 75219

Pennsylvania Bigfoot Society,
26 Cardinal Drive,
Jeannette PA 15644,

Steamshovel Press,
POB 210553, St Louis,
MO 63121 United States

(Excellent Conspiracy Theory journal)

BC Scientific Cryptozoology Club,
#2305, 8805 Hudson St.,
Vancouver, BC,
Canada V6P 2M9

Surrey Earth Mysteries,
25 Albert Road,
Addlestone, Surrey

Animal News
Mrs P Wells,
8 Yewlands Walk,
Ifield, Crawley,
W Sussex,
RH11 0QE

*(National Association of Private Animal
Keepers)*

EYE Magazine,
24 Chesnut Ave,
Queens Road,
Hull, HU5 2RH

International Bigfoot Society
225 NE 30th Ave,
Hillsboro,
OR 97124, USA

Fortean Times
Box 2409
London
NW5 4NP
UK

Porcupine!,
Dept of Ecology & Biodiversity,
University of Hong Kong,
Pokfulam Road, Hong Kong

Journal for the Academic Study of Magic
98 George St,
Devonport,
Plymouth,
Devon, PL1 4HS

'DEAD OF NIGHT',
156 Bolton Road East,
New Ferry,
Merseyside,
L62 4RY

(Excellent fortan publication)



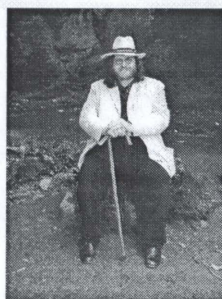
SYCOPHANT

Deep in a cave beneath Loch Ness lives a strange figure who steals ideas from other magazines and then somehow makes them his own.

He keeps a jaundiced weather eye on the world of Fortean Zoology and occasionally emerges into the world of men to pour ridicule upon his unsuspecting victims...

ENGLISHMEN ABROAD

As some of you will know, our beloved editor has recently returned from a trip to Puerto Rico with 'Baldy the Bandicoot' - ahem, I am sorry, Sir

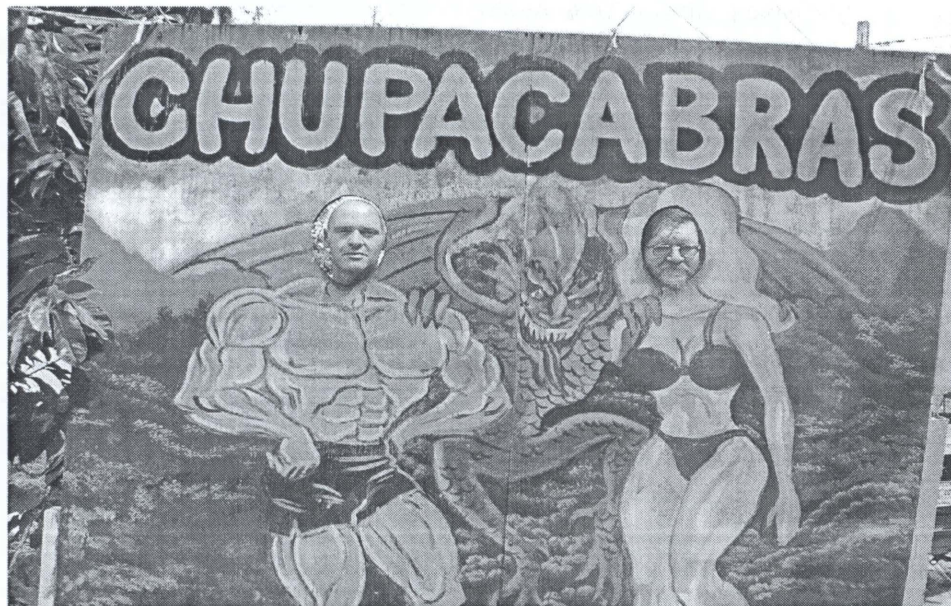


Nicholas of Redfern, and it is - I think - interesting to see how our two intrepid heroes conducted themselves. Jon immediately became 'Sanders of the River', whilst Nickypoos was apparently seen driving hell for leather down the freeway with

the CD player blaring out *The Ramones* whilst simultaneously trying to teach the Spanish speaking crew Walsall FC football chants which went along the lines of:

"Walsall Bootboys we are here, to shag your women and drink your beer"

It's true what they say. You can take the boy out of the West Midlands, but you can't get the West Midlands out of the boy!



AND THERE'S MORE.....

The above picture was leaked to me here at *Chateur Sycophant* it proves once and for all that the lure of the yankee dollar has finally caused our beloved editor to sell out. After all his pompous strictures on the subject of the dumbing down of television programming on both sides of the Atlantic, he allows himself to be filmed flaunting a pair of comedy breasts for the *SciFi Channel*. Some people have absolutely no shame.

Those folk who have read Jon's first book on Puerto Rico will be glad to know that this time he did indeed manage to get some of the bizarre Puerto Rican forest snails - that look like flying saucers - safely back to 'Blighty'. One has to wonder at the security

bods at JFK though. There was a massive security alert as Jon was making his homeward journey, but they singularly failed to search the hand baggage of the weird looking bloke with long hair in seat 13 F. Its probably a good job, because if that had transpired neither the snails (or three extra litres of rum) would have made it home intact.

However, was it incompetence on their part, or the fact that whatever crimes one may suspect him of, Jon is the last person to be suspected of being an Islamic terrorist, or was it just (as he says), his well-bred patrician indifference.

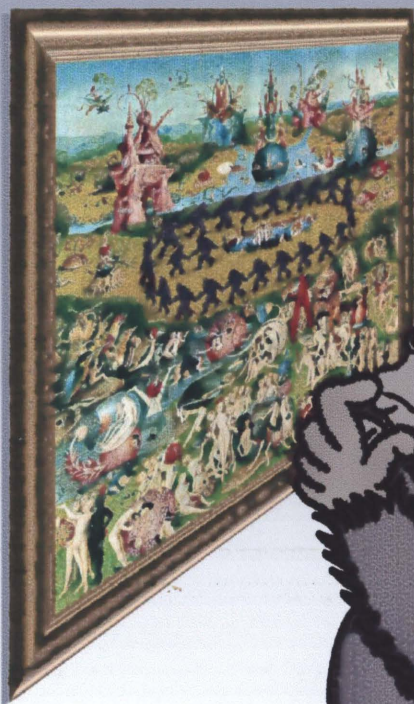
Coming from the man who told a press conference in Las Vegas, last November, that the best solution to America's political problems would be for them to rejoin the British Empire, we sincerely hopenot!

THE

C

CRYPTOZOOLOGY FILES

BY MARK NORTH



HIERONYMUS?
BOSH!

MARK NORTH/CFZ © 2004

Typeset by The Boystings Children

"As much as they can and then some"

ISSN 1354 0647

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